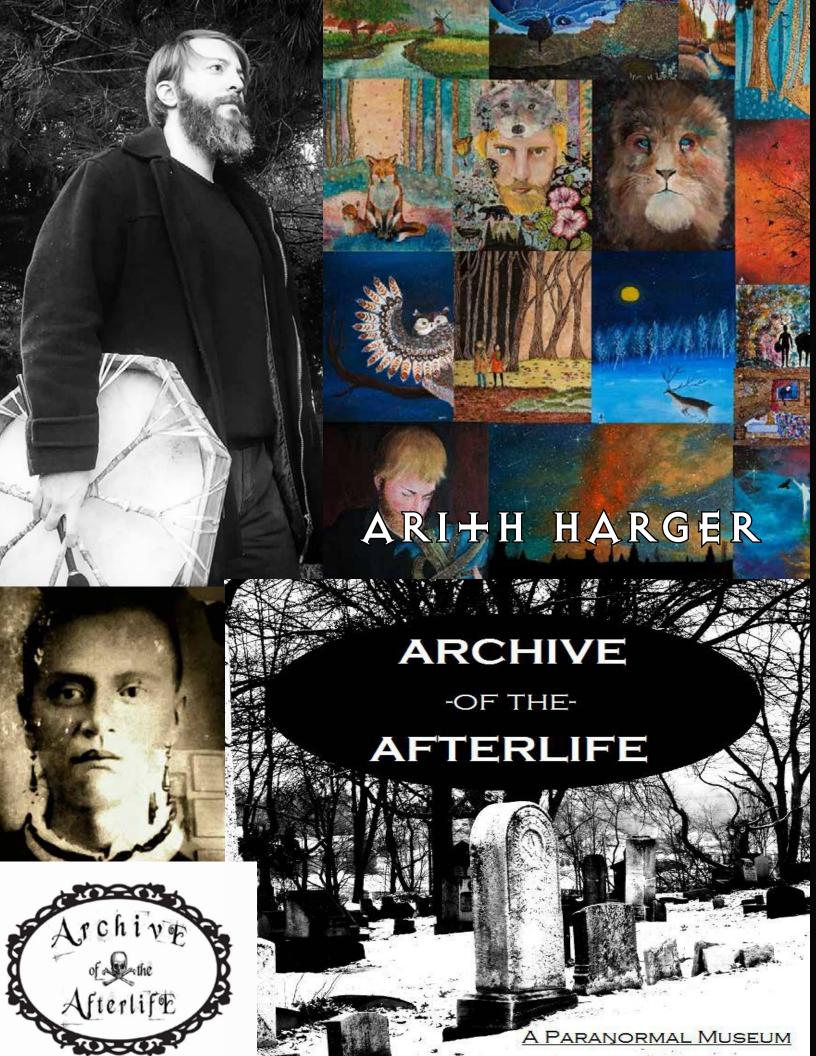
# INTERNATIONAL PARANORMAL INQUISITOR

VOLUME 1 ISSUE 2 **APRIL 2019** 



### 

### FEATURED CONTENT

BEYOND LIFE INVESTIGATIONS	<b>PG 14</b>
THE SPOOKY SISTERS UK	PG 19
BLACK SHUCK	PG 26
EL VAMPIRO DE MOCA	PG 32
MEGALODON - ANTHONY BRAZIER	PG 36
SHAWNAHOOC	PG 38
INVESTIGATING BIGFOOT IN OHIO	PG 40
SILVIA YOR	PG 44
TRANDUMSKOGEN - THE DARK FOREST	PG 48
REVENANT ACRES	PG 52
TUBZZ	PG 56
INSTRUMENTAL TRANSCOMMUNICATION TIMELINE	PG 59
KENTS EQUIPMENT REVIEW	PG 64
KONGS KORNER	PG 72
PARIAH PARANORMAL	PG 74

#### 

### FEATURED CONTENT

HULDRA	<b>PG 76</b>
BRAVE SOULS PARANORMAL	PG 82
I.P.I. EX: THE INVESTIGATION	PG 94
SUZI SPIRIT SENSITIVE	PG 94
ELECTRONIC VOICE PHENOMENON	PG 98
HAUNTED ANTIQUES PARANORMAL RESEARCH CENTRE	PG 100
DETROIT PARANORMAL	PG 106
ARCHIVE ECHO	PG 108
THE BRAIN SUCKER	PG 110
THE EYES OF CHARLES BREUER	PG 112
DOHBAR CHU	PG 114
DAN DISORSDER PARAURBEX-UK	PG 116
EOD PARANORMAL "EN OUETE PARANORMALE"	PG 128



IPI Cover Artist
Estephanie Mendoza is
a Milwaukee, WI native
who has pursued her
dreams of being an artist since a young age.
Find out more on our
page.

@Mendozart21



## **CONTRIBUTORS:** The Creative Team























# BFRO Investigator Joins I.P.I. Staff:

Known Speaker on Bigfoot in Ohio and Beyond
We are pleased to announce that Amy Bue has decided to join the ranks of our growing staff at the International Paranormal Inquisitor. Amy will be sharing her adventures with us in this issue and future editions. Below is her Bio. Welcome aboard Amy!

Amy Bue is a mom, teacher, editor, aspiring novelist, and a cancer survivor with an enormous bucket list. As far as Bigfooting goes, she had her own sighting of something strange near Meander Reservoir in Mahoning County in 2012. This started her on her journey of learning about the history of

Bigfoot in Ohio and beyond. In 2015, Amy was invited to join the Bigfoot Field Researchers Organization (BFRO) as an investigator. Most of the witness reports that she has investigated in Ohio have been in Mahoning, Portage, Trumbull, and Columbiana Counties. She also spends a lot of time in the Alleghenies of Pennsylvania, but she travels wherever the action is.

Amy spends as much time as she can in the woods. She's been on several private outings with friends from different Bigfoot organizations, but she solo camps frequently. She's traveled to New York State, Pennsylvania, Oregon, Washington, and throughout West Virginia following up leads. She's explored Southern Ohio's Shawnee State

Park area with the Ohio Night Stalker's team of investigators, and has led teams while on expedition in Kentucky. She also leads workshops with 4-H, youth groups, and scouting troops.

Creature Weekend is Amy's favorite Bigfoot conference. and she helps with it when it is held at Salt Fork State Park every October. She also stays busy with Fathom Frontiers' Bigfoot Night Hikes at Salt Fork and Mohican State Parks, as well as their Salt Fork Bigfoot Adventure Weekends. Her friendship with Fathom Frontiers led to her becoming a sponsor to two films on Bigfoot: "Minerva Monster" and "The Back 80". In 2017, Amy was invited to The Olympic Project in Washington State where she joined such notable researchers as Derek Randles, Shelly Covington-Montana, Cliff Barackman, and Ron Morehead in looking for DNA evidence of Bigfoot on the Olympic Peninsula. She went back to Washington last summer to remote camp and investigate overlooking Mount Adams. She returned to Washington at the end of the summer to attend the International Bigfoot Conference where she received the award for 2018 Dedicated Researcher of the Year for her work with primatologists and other scientists. Amy assisted with

the Southern Ohio BFRO expedition held last April and did an expedition in Kentucky in October. She also created and co-hosted Creekfoot, a private gathering of area researchers, in September, and spoke about sightings closer to home at Bigfoot Day in Beaver Creek State Park, as well as at Salt Fork State Park's Creature Weekend in October. She leads her own private expeditions at undisclosed locations.

Amy has shared her experiences on several podcasts such as Monster X Radio and Bigfoot Eyewitness Radio, in Australia's Yowie Times, and in a Crypto Blast online interview. She's been featured in other media such as the KDKA Live morning show in Pittsburgh, WKBN's morning show, ESPN Radio, and The Pittsburgh Post-Gazette. She has reported for California's Bigfoot Times newsletter, and is currently writing a book about her adventures. She was a speaker at the 2017 Hill-Con convention in New Castle, Pennsylvania, as well as the Twinsburg Paranormal Conference, the Inaugural Pennsylvania Bigfoot Project Conference, and Oregon's Beachfoot last year, and is looking forward to seeing where her bucket list takes her in the future with her own ventures: Amy's Bucket List Expeditions (A.B.L.E.), Project Zoobook, and the upcoming

Spring and Fall Creekfoots of 2019. She recently spoke and gathered reports at the 34th
Annual Allegheny Sport,
Travel, and Outdoor
Show in Monroeville, PA,
the Sportsman's show in
Girard, and the Ohio Division of Wildlife's Expo
in Huron.

Amy is also available for talks that can be tailored to the needs of your organization as far as timing, content, and fees.







I wanted to share a personal experience as my note for this issue. Hopefully, many will take something away from it. I certainly took away many points from this.

There I was sitting at the red light, wondering

when the light was going to change. Really in a hurry to go nowhere. I had not really had a plan where I was going. I simply was just out driving around, seeing what I could get into. I do this guite often, seeing where it leads me to. This has led me to discovering waterfalls, parks, small towns, and many interesting towns across the country. I usually get in the car and just pick a direction and keep going until I am compelled to stop or find something interesting. While waiting I began to look around at the sights before me. That's when I spied the telephone pole. Covered with several signs for garage sales, houses for sale, weight loss flyers, and other various signs. The sign that just popped out at me, was for a grand opening for a thrift store. How do I love thrift stores! To me, there is nothing guite like going to a thrift store. Even when I travel overseas, I try and locate a thrift store. I enjoy going through items of yesterday and items of today, discarded by

Note from the editor

many previous owners. You never know what your going to find at a thrift store. Plus, who doesn't like finding a good bargain. I read the sign, that today was the Grand Opening! I sat there thinking and wondering if I decided I should go visit this location and take a peek inside. As, I was going back and forth trying to decide if I should, a thought popped in my head. That thought was a simple thought, "12-587 Radio". Such an odd and random thought. I sat there thinking about it and said to myself "why not".

To those that know me, you know that I collect vintage radios, and hack them to turn them into spirit boxes. As, many of you know that I am referring to ITC (Instrumental TransCommunication). These radios are getting harder to find and more costly. So, when I go to these thrift stores, I always look for vintage radios for this purpose. The radio that has eluded me and many others is the Radio Shack 12-587 (original model with pins). Plus, if you do find one, you are going to pay an arm and a leg. Well, this radio has eluded for a year and a half.

I decided to turn around and go in the opposite direction, even though the sky was turning black and looking like it was going to pour down rain at any minute. I just knew I had to head to this store. I was beginning to be filled with some excitement, as I thought I was going to get this radio. It took me about 10 minutes of driving and fighting through traffic to get to the location.

I finally arrived at the parking lot of this store, and that's when the rain began to pour down. I made a mad dash to the store in hopes of staying dry. Once, I was inside, I took a quick view around. I began walking up and down the aisles, trying to find any sort of electronics. Aisle, by aisle I was disappointed.



"Nothing but clothes", I murmured to myself. I seriously was beginning to be disappointed! So, after about 45 minutes, I officially concluded there was nothing I was interested in.

The rain had stopped, so I walked to my car feeling disappointed. Once, in the car I thought "12-587" again. I had decided to go find other thrift shop in the area. I might as well, since I am already out. So, I googled thrift shops, and received a pretty good size list. So, off I went to find this elusive radio.

For approximately the next four hours, I hit thrift store after thrift store. By this point I was beginning to feel frustrated and disappointed. I had not purchased any items and not located my desired radio. Finally, I decided to call it quits. Feeling defeated, I just went home empty handed.

While I was at home, the thought "12-587", popped into my head once again. I was feeling pretty frustrated and was trying to get the radio out of my mind. Then, I saw a commercial on TV for a flea market. I thought, surely this was a sign! So, I decided tomorrow I will head to this flea market.

The next day came, and I jumped into my car and drove to the flea market. I had arrived as the doors were opening. I walked around for about 15 minutes. How disappointed was I! This flea market had nothing but commercial items, and "no good junk". As, I was leaving I thought of another flea market that I knew would have the "good junk".

I jumped in the car and began my hour and five-minute drive to this flea market. I just knew this was the place where I was going to get my "12-587 radio". I drove up North, along the way I was day dreaming about the places and investigations, where I would use my radio. I just couldn't wait to get my hands on this radio! In fact, I was already celebrating that I had acquired this radio in my mind.

I finally arrived, at my destination! I jumped out of the car with great enthusiasm. The sheer size of this flea market was huge. The flea market had at least eight buildings! I wondered how long would it be, before I located my radio? So, I dove in and began my search. I search booth

to booth, going through anything that appeared to be the "good junk". Several hours had passed, and nothing! I was slowly losing my enthusiasm and beginning to think I might not possibly locate my radio.

By this point, I was beginning to get desperate. I finally decided to go outside and search the vendor's tables outside. Once, outside



I saw a magnificent site! I spotted a car port full of nothing but the "good junk". I knew this was the spot where I would find my radio. I walked over and the gentleman greeted me and said, "anything you find will be five bucks". I was so ecstatic, at the prospect that I was going to get my radio for one-hundred and fifty dollars! So, dig and dig through his unorganized mess! I approximately spent one hour, before I finally gave up at not finding what I was looking for.

I was finally defeated and thought I was not going to get my radio. I gave the gentleman my business card just in case he would acquire what I was looking for. I decided to call it a day. So, I made my way through the buildings heading back to my car. I spotted a booth with music instruments. I must have missed this booth, I thought. I thought maybe there's something here that I can use, like some music pedals or amplifiers.

As I walked over, I was suddenly filled with a warm and excited feeling. I noticed this

PG-05 ORIVE

feeling but didn't know why. I looked all around the store. and just seen your normal music type of stuff. Of course, no music pedals! What a disappointing day this was, I thought to myself. I spotted this little mini amplifier. I thought this might be of some use. I figured I would purchase this item, more out of not going home empty handed. I called over to the elderly gentleman (we will just call him Rick), asked how



much he wanted for it. "Fifteen bucks", he said to me. I decided I would take it. While he was ringing me up, he started to tell me about the speaker. Rick then said, "everything in this booth, was my son's". This caught my attention. I said, "was your son's?". Rick then proceeded to tell me that his son had just recently passed. I began to study the elderly gentleman and felt his sadness. I felt that this gentleman just wanted to unload his sadness, so I decided to chat with him and listen. He began telling me stories about his son, and how proud he was of him, and his music abilities. He was smiling and just bragging about how good he was, and all the places he played at, and bands he toured with. This man was bragging about his son, just like a proud father would do.

"Are you a musician", Rick asked me out of nowhere. I usually hate this question, as some people tend to look at you crazy, especially the older generation. Plus, the fact this gentleman just told me about his son passing away. I decided just to tell him anyway, and told him I am a paranormal investigator, and

what I was looking for and what I intended to do with the amplifier. He really seemed fascinated, so I began to go deeper into the subject and relay to him stories about investigations I had done. I even shared with him clips of evidence I had on my phone. He then began to relay locations to me that he felt were haunted and that I should check out. During this time, he asked me for a business card, as he wanted to contact some people for me to get me in some locations.

I had not realized that an hour had passed by, that Rick and I talked. I decided that it was time to leave, when Rick blurted out to me. "I think my son is at my house, visiting me". I began to feel a little nervous, as I did not know where this conversation would lead to. It could turn out good, or it would be bad. Regardless, I decided to go with it. "My wife thinks I'm crazy and just an old fool", Rick said to me. At this time, I told him he was not crazy. I then went on to explain his son was checking on him and trying to let him know he was okay. "Next time he shows up, talk to him. Tell him what your feeling, and that you love him". I said to him. The conversation continued for about fifteen more minutes. before I decided to part ways. Before leaving, he gave me my fifteen dollars back, and said "my son would want you to have this".

I went home and reviewed the events of the weekend. I had concluded, that this little mini adventure was about me meeting Rick and consoling him of his grief. I felt good about this and felt happy about the outcome. The next day, Rick sent me a short text. He told me his some came to him last night and he did as, I instructed him to do. He thanked me profusely and relayed that he felt a weight had been lifted off him. This to me is why I do this type of work! Not for fame or fortune, but it's to help others. My little chat had helped to provide some closure.

About a week had passed and I heard nothing from Rick. So, I figured this was the end of this and I had accomplished what I was supposed to. As, this adventure was slowly fading from my mind, I get a text from Rick. He asked, "Can you stop by?". Honestly, I was going to work in a little bit, and really was not wanting to. I however, decided to, as I liked Rick and was wanting to help him.

I arrived at Rick's house, which was not really to far out of my way. Rick was excited, as he began to tell me, that his son visited him again. I was happy and excited for Rick! I was expecting for him to tell me about some great experience the two shared. Rick took me into his son's room. I looked around the room and it seemed that he had left his room, like his son was still there. Rick never explained anything about his son's death or when it occurred. So, I was not sure how long he had been gone.

Rick took me over to his closet and opened the door. He pointed to a box on the top shelf. He asked me to grab it for him, as he said it was heavy and rather high up. I grabbed the box for him, and he asked me to go into the kitchen. He then tells me that when his son visited, he just pointed to the box. That was it. Not the life altering moment, I thought. I began to think, that the box was going to have some mementos that Rick would love and cherish. After he relayed to me about his visitation, he said "you have to go to work, so take the box with you". I did not want to take the box! This would be filled with memories for Rick, from his son. I tried to refuse politely, but he insisted for me to take it. "My son wants you to have it". How could I say no? I threw the box in the back seat of my car and headed off to work. I went through my day, and totally forgot about Rick and the box. The day's events were very boring and uneventful. When I arrived home, I forgot all about Rick's box and left it in the car. The next day

when I was going to work was when I remembered the box. When I pulled in at work, I decided to take a peak. The box was not too heavy to me, even though Rick said it was. It did not seem to have too many items in it. I prepared myself to open the box, as I felt this was going to contain items associated with Rick's son's memories.

I opened the box slightly, and I pulled out a mini amplifier just like the one I had purchased. I then pulled out a noise cancelling pedal. I was a bit excited as I thought these would come handy. Finally, I reached in and felt the last item. I was not sure what it was... When I pulled out the last item, I was shocked! I could not believe what I was holding in my hand! Was really happening? Yes, you guessed it! I had pulled out a Radio Shack 12-587!! I really could not believe this. I sat there in disbelief. I had gotten my 12-587 radio!

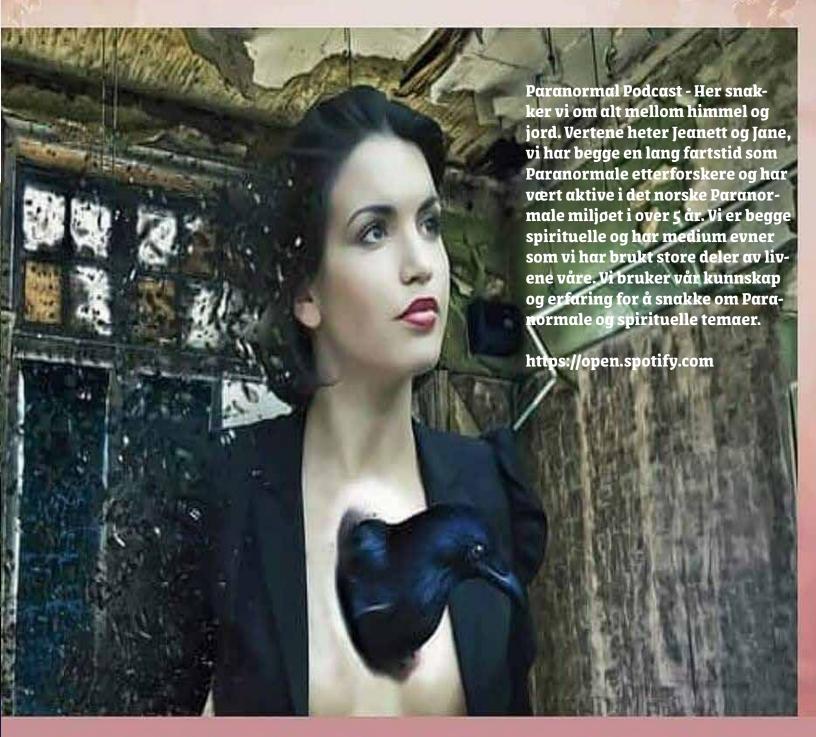
As, I analyze this mini adventure, I can pull many points from this experience. One, from being spontaneous and just to go with a feeling and see where it leads you to. Two, talking to a stranger and offering your assistance without the expectation of anything in return. Finally, setting an intention and visualizing that intention. I really could go on making points about this mini adventure or a life lesson. Others might come up with different points. So, I leave it to you to decide what you take away from my mini adventure...

Antonio W. Gumm

Antonio W. Gumm Editor







# PARANORMALT

Inn i det ukjente



#### BEYOND LIFE INVESTIGATIONS

As darkness falls, it becomes more of challenge to remain calm when something goes bump in the night. It's 2:00 a.m. and you are awoken by a sound of something outside your door. Your pulse quickens, your eyes widen, but you are frozen in place. Do you get out of bed and try to search for what awoke you. or do you hide under the covers and hope that whatever made the sound disappears? You decide to check, opening the bedroom door ever so slightly, so you can peer around in the dark hallway. After a moments glance, you find nothing. You are left with questions, was there anything ever there, or was it just a figment of your imagination? Well, Beyond Life Investigations is a team of five people,

who are willing to search for these answers.

Beyond Life Investigations is a research team based out of rural Nebraska. The members include Jordan, Samantha, Katie, Trent and Curt. each with their own reasons that keep them up late into the night talking to mostly empty rooms. Some want to catch something spectacular on camera and make it big, others want to know that maybe there is life after death, while some just want some late night entertainment.

Throughout the years, and much money spent, the team has collected numerous pieces of equipment to assist and document each investigation. There are many night vision cameras, Go Pros, an

Ovilus 4, a Sb-7 spirit box, a REM pod, dowsing rods, and motion detectors. Each camera and motion detector is placed in particular regions of a home or building, and monitored from a laptop at all times. A journal is kept updated through the investigation which notes times and cameras to review when a researchers hears or sees something of interest. This journal helps pinpoint exact times to reference to see if that experience was something we could logically explain, or possibly something else.

Now, the author of this article is Samantha, and I will be bluntly honest and say that I do not believe in ghosts, but I want to. I am the person who wants to know that maybe there is a life after death, or

maybe we just decompose in the ground. I do have a short story for you, which made me reconsider my stance on "there are no such things as ghosts."

It's the summer of 2017, and we find ourselves down in Atchison, Kansas, at a home called the "Sallie house." Atchison is a wonderful rustic town, full of much history, with it being the birth place of Amelia Earhart. The town also embraces its point of interest known as the Sallie house. The story is, back in the early 1900s a physician practiced medicine out of his home when a mother rushed her young daughter in for surgery. The physician believes the little girl's appendix is rupturing and begins slicing her open before the sedatives have time to take effect. "Sallie" dies on the table, in a tremendous amount of pain, and not understanding why this man is hurting her. In her moments of death she is filled with fear, anger and pain that she may have carried on into death. Further investigation of this little girl, named Sallie, showed no documentations of her existing.

Upon entering the house, we are met with an ominous feeling, and a strong odor of dust. The home is vacant, but still retains old furniture, power and running water. We then set up our night vision cameras, motion detectors and begin investigating. The house is mainly quiet; with the scariest thing being the giant spiders running rampant through the house. Approximately, 1:00 a.m. comes, and the team has had a fairly quiet night. The boys are upstairs investigating, while the girls are downstairs monitoring the cameras. Jordan is in camera view in the child's room upstairs. It is beginning to become obvious the amount of exhaustion across his face as he talks to a seemingly vacant room. In the room with him, is a circle of toys, a night vision camera, and in the center the REM pod is upright. A REM pod is device that has an antenna that covers 360 degrees and detects changes in the energy surrounding it. Basically, it lights up and buzzes when touched. Jordan is sitting against a wall, approximately three feet from the REM pod, just asking basic questions, such as, "Is anyone here with me?" When in plain view the REM pod lights up green and begins to buzz, and then proceeds to fall over. The whole team is stunned in silence, mouths wide open, and eyes glittered with shock. We had taken that REM pod on so



many trips before and nothing had happened. Now we had on video, and in front of Jordan's own eyes watched this machine light up, and then proceed to fall over. The rest of the team gains their senses, and rushes up to Jordan, who is in disbelief of what just happened right in front of him. We then, as the scientists we are, try to find plausible explanations for this. Trent was in the hallway outside of the room walking around, so we tried walking by it, and even jumping around it to see if our movements to could cause the machine to topple over, but the machine stood still.

At this time, inside the room the air seemed thick, heavy and dark. All of us crammed into the room positioned in a circle around the REM pod, but still up against



the walls. I am in the corner, farthest from the door, but closest to the closet. My chest is tight, and my body seems to be on edge, sensing that something is not quite right. We sit in the room and try to get anything to interact with

us. During this time, I see out of the corner of my eye what appears to be the closet door slightly move. I stop breathing, but do not say a thing, because for all I know this could just be my imagination. But then, the darkness in the corner of my eye shutters again. Due to the sitting arrangement I am the only one who can really see this corner, so none of my companions notice. I say with a shaky voice, "Guys, something just moved in the corner." Then I proceed to bolt from my position and obtain a new one as far away from the dreadful darkness. Unfortunately, due to the camera angle, that dark shape was not captured on tape. This saddens me, because I am not the person to get all worked up over something going bump in the dark,





but whatever was actually in the corner may never be deciphered.

The team falls asleep around 3:45 a.m. After a long drive, it is normally a challenge to stay up for the entire night. We awake at approximately 8:30 a.m. that next morning, and begin packing up. First thing in the morning, Jordan has a habit of quickly reviewing the tapes for anything that may have happened while we are sleeping, and this night something did happen. Around 4:30 in the morning, while everyone slept, the REM pod up in the child's room begins lighting up and buzzing again. It lights up multiple times before falling over again. Now, there is no way any of the team members had anything to do with this pod falling over. We were all

fast asleep; exhausted from the night activity, but apparently, whatever had been accompanying with us, still felt curious. Being a nonbeliever, it was hard to disagree with the concept that something "paranormal" was going on there. From the beginning, almost nothing was normal, from the REM pod, to the results from the spirit box, to personal experiences, that night left a mark on each of us.

I could ramble off many more stories from my time with Beyond Life Investigations. From the strange man in the attic with us, to flying clocks coming off of walls, to instant personality changes, but I will cut this story short. Beyond Life Investigations is not out there to provoke anything or anyone, we just want answers, and we will

spend countless hours searching for those answers. If there is anything beyond life, we will find it.





# The SPOOKY SISTERS UK

Hello! We are Pamela and Jeanette Whalley, two sisters from the UK. We are paranormal investigators, explorers and researchers. Over the course of time and due to the nature of what we do. we were given our nickname which stuck! That is how The Spooky Sisters UK was born! It's difficult to pinpoint exactly when us sisters (we have an older sister Julie who also experienced things), began to experience things at home. Which can only now, since we have developed in the field in during our adult years, we recognise as possibly paranormal.

The house we grew up in was an ordinary three-bedroom home, a happy place-but there was always some kind of a presence there. A feeling we could not really explain. Various things occurred, such as objects being moved and strange sightings one of which, in later life, after much research in the field we believe could well have been an elemental. We also experienced strong feelings of being watched when alone in the house.

Our parents had a large antique mirror over the fireplace in the lounge, from which sometimes it seemed as if residual conversation could be heard when no one was in the house next door. It was as if it was a family going about their business with no knowledge of our presence. While this did not frighten us as such, it could sometimes be unsettling to us as youngsters - we never did tell our parents about this!

Although up to this point nothing seemed malevolent or sinister, the most frightening thing that did happen occurred to us at night while in bed. Us two Spooky Sisters shared a bedroom and we both fairly regularly experi-

enced a black shape hovering directly above us, which appeared to us at separate times. We could only lay there feeling pretty freaked out, watching this cloaked figure, then it seemed to cast a net which would come down toward us and disappear. Neither of us was aware at the time it was happening to the other for quite some time. We later discovered that it had happened to Pamela's best friend while sleeping over, who knew nothing about our experience. Again, we never told our parents...

We never did get to the bottom of what was apparently haunting our house. Despite all this it was not happening constantly, we learned to live with it, and had a very happy childhood. Never did we imagine the paranormal world would become such a big part of our lives in later years. The next chapter in our journey into the world of exploring the realms of the afterlife began in earnest in 2012, round about the time that the" ghost hunting" craze really took off among the public. During this craze many event companies appeared, and locations become more accessible to explore and investigate for a price. We decided to attend one of these overnight investigations thanks to our good friend Amanda, who herself was a host working for one of these

companies.

The first location we went to was Newsham Park seaman's orphanage, in Liverpool UK, which in the last years of its operation became an asylum. Construction began on Newsham Park seaman's orphanage on 11th September 1871, αt α cost of £25,000. It was built for the support and education of the orphans of British seamen. It was closed as an orphanage on 27th July 1949. It reopened as Newsham Park Hospital in 1954, developing its own psychiatric department and received an influx of patients with severe mental problems. The building was finally vacated in 1997 and has lain empty and decaying ever since. Reported sightings of ghosts include that of a small

child said to have perished after being forgotten and left in one of the "punishment cupboards" located on the top floor in the eaves of the attic, and shadow figures on the wards. People have also reported uneasy feelings and dragging noises in the basement rooms. After our first investigation here, we were hooked!! The activity we experienced there was incredible, so much so that we have now investigated there twelve times and haven't fin-

ished with it yet! A few of our experiences at Newsham park have been interesting to say the least! These include being physically touched, pushed, seeing shadow figures, one being a tall figure of a man who appeared unnatural in proportion. On the "punishment" corridor, we opted to sit inside one of the tiny cupboards to conduct a vigil, during which there were scratching noises on the door and a clear voice whispering "no" that came from within the cupboard in direct answer to a question. No one else was around in the corridor at the time. Two of the most prolific paranormal experiences we have ever encountered at Newsham have been hard to explain and have stayed with





us to this day.

On the first ever investigation we did here, Jeanette opted to climb into the morgue fridge and lay on a slab (this was very out of character for her at the time, as we were still fairly new to investigating!) The door was closed by the host Gemma (who later became a good friend and fellow investigator) as the group continued to call out to spirit outside the fridge. Suddenly we heard "oh my god! "from inside the fridge... apparently the slab Jeanette was lying on had begun to shake quite violently! She put up with this a couple more times before saying "I need to come out now" as Gemma opened the door, the slab slid out very fast with Jeanette on it and back in again, in front of our eyes. We could not believe what we were seeing, and neither could Jeanette as she scrambled out of there and stood shaking.... now you can see that as our first investigation it had us hooked!

One of the major experiences Pamela had a few years down the line occurred down in the basement corridor. Whilst exploring with just our sister Julie and niece Lucy, a very out of character squeal came from Pamela. Which was followed by the sound of something very heavy hitting the floor directly in front of her. Jeanette, Julie and Lucy, just a few steps ahead, span round with their torches (bearing in mind all this was in the pitch

dark) and looked straight away in the area the object sounded like it had fallen. There was absolutely no sign of anything on the floor, but Pamela reported that something had hit her on the collar bone with some force whilst she had both hands on a heavy camera about to take a photograph of one of the rooms leading off the corridor. On further inspection we found a tile on the floor of said room which had not been there earlier. Added to this

Pamela had a bruise forming and a small cut where she had been hit. We could not explain this phenomenon and were really excited by this.

To explain all the activity, we have witnessed at Newsham Park over the years would take many chapters, suffice to say it remains one of our favourite places to investigate. In 2015 we became part of a small team called GhostFollowers, which was founded



by our friends Amanda and Gemma. This set us on the path to investigate more locations and also host public events, we carried on doing this for a couple of years and enjoyed our time as hosts for the public. These days we no longer do public events preferring small team investigations as it allows us to pursue our passion more intensely and scientifically on a much more intimate scale, as we have the trust of people who we know will never fake activity. We also do freelance from time to time as The Spooky Sisters, assisting a couple of good friends of ours who run small events companies.

One of the most amazing places we have been lucky enough to visit, explore and investigate has been Poveglia Island, off the coast of Venice, Italy. We first took a trip there in March 2016 with the GhostFollowers team, the history of this Island is a very sad one. It has been the scene of a civil war in 1379, then from 1776 was used as a quarantine station for plague sufferers, whose bodies were burned on the island now known as the burning grounds, which is connected to the main part of the island by a bridge. In later years it was used as a psychiatric hospital where it was said some of the patients were experimented on by the



head doctor who eventually became insane himself and either jumped or was pushed from the famous bell tower landmark. The island has been abandoned since 1968 and many souls are said to haunt it.

Stepping on to Poveglia
Island there was a feeling of trepidation but also excitement as we had waited so long to come here. The initial atmosphere was one of calm and peace, which given the history and tales that go with Poveglia was a welcome surprise. It was a beautiful sunny day although there are no sounds of birdsong on Poveglia...

Walking up to the imposing main building of the hospital was an immense feeling - we had seen so many pictures of it and on TV. We set off exploring, there are so many buildings on the island we had hours of exploration and lots of photography. This place was amazing but also very dangerous in parts there were stairs collapsing, floors giving way, ceilings coming in, and lots of sudden hidden holes, we really had to watch our footing! Aside from that we did have an amazing time. Most of the island had many stories to tell. One particular room felt very foreboding. Jeanette stopped suddenly on the threshold sensing an uneasy atmosphere. Pamela who was standing directly behind her felt similar at the same time. We gathered the rest of the team to go and investigate. As we all walked in the initial feeling had gone,

so given what we had felt earlier we decided to do some calling out setting up K2s and a Mel meter. Both these pieces of equipment appeared to be responding intelligently to our questions with the K2 spiking to red and the Mel giving extremely high readings - bearing in mind there is absolutely no source of electric-

ity anywhere on the island to interfere with any electrical equipment. Mobile phones were switched off or on flight mode. The session was filmed by us and we captured a definite bright ball of light which seemed to jump from Gemma to Charlie at exactly the same time there was a big spike from the K2.

We decided to end the session and explore the staff accommodation where one of the GhostFollowers team Bev, who is a gifted medium, felt the presence of a young boy. Although we were not inves-

tigating at the time we felt we should reach out with a spirit board session. However, he did not seem to want to communicate in this way. He only communicated directly with Bev to let her know his life there had been a happy one. Mostly this first visit was



about exploring the island. We made our way to the burning grounds. There was a feeling of dread as we crossed the bridge, Jeanette had palpitations when reaching the other end with Pamela experiencing similar, we guess this may be the sort of feelings of terror that people had when being carted over there to die. We treated the island with the utmost respect, especially when walking the burning grounds. This was the final resting place of tens of thousands of people after all. We apologised for what

happened to them there - as futile as that may sound, we felt it was the least we could do. Exploring this part of the island was interesting, nonetheless. We spent the rest of the day exploring and vowed to return.

The following year in early

2017 we were lucky enough to get another visit, this time staying until after dark. We had another explore of the island finding buildings we had not seen previously. We were amazed at how much nature had really taken over in just a year, everywhere was so overgrown and the buildings crumbling further. After  $\alpha$  rest we waited for darkness to fall-and that's when the energy really shifted. A true sense of forebod-

ing fell over the place as we prepared for a paranormal investigation. We split into two groups - one went to explore, whilst four of us headed to the chapel area. We had a calling out session whilst doing this clear shuffling was heard in the next room and footsteps seemed to be approaching the doorway to where we were standing. We were waiting to see what would happen next, when from the opposite door at the front of the building the other group came to look for us and the moment was gone.

We ruled out acoustics from them –i.e. their footsteps as they had come through heavy undergrowth, and the footsteps were across clear concrete at our side. On reviewing an EVP session, we caught a clear whisper saying "Ohh plague". This was the only EVP capture we got on the island but intriguing, nonetheless. We all moved onto the bell tower where we again proceeded to call out with some of the group choosing to do a spirit board. We spoke some Italian phrases and began to get intelligent responses, such as bangs or taps when we asked for them. The atmosphere became very dark. it seemed the doctor was trying to communicate through the spirit board. The oppressive feeling, we all felt in the room was palpable and a bitter chill went through the room on what was a warm and still evening - was the doctor going to manifest right

here in front of us? Suddenly we realised the boatman was due at any moment to pick us up and take us back to the mainland. We knew he wouldn't wait too long if we didn't appear, as it seems none of the locals want to set foot on the island! Sadly, it meant we had to leave just as things were getting really interesting! We thanked the doctor and any other communicative spirits for interacting with us, and left this beautiful haunting island behind with our memories of undoubtedly one of the best things these Spooky Sisters have ever done in our lives... maybe we will return someday...

Another favourite venue of ours is Drakelow tunnels in Kidderminster UK. A former Rover factory and WW2 government bunker with a maze of three miles of tunnels. There were many accidents during the construction of

these tunnels during which unfortunately people lost their lives. We have visited twice so far and had very strange experiences there such as clear whistling when it was only us two sisters left glone in the entire tunnel complex. Residual conversations going on and sounds of machinery captured on video that we did not hear with our own ears whilst filming. Jeanette captured a very interesting photograph through a small broken window pane of a constantly locked off old computer room where no public are allowed, of what appears to be a figure sat in one of the office chairs... make of it what you will. Drakelow tunnels is a truly fascinating place, one to which we need to return...

One of our most intriguing investigations to date has been at 30 East drive in Pontefract, West Yorkshire, UK - also known widely as The

Black Monk/poltergeist house. The stories about this place differ depending on who you talk to or what you read. The main story is that it was built on the site of a battlefield near a hill where executions took place, and that a monk was accused of murdering children, putting bodies down a well, which now lies covered



under the floor in the lounge of number 30. Whether he was wrongly accused and remains angry about it, who truly knows? But that would explain the stories about

"The black monk of Pontefract" who seemingly haunts the house as a negative presence. Whenever we have set foot in this house, three times to date - it has never been the same feeling twice. This 70s style three-bedroom semi can have a welcome atmos-

phere, but can

turn in an in an instance, becoming oppressive and at times almost threatening. One night on an overnight investigation, we had been hosting all night and had a few subtle noises but nothing big to speak of. When all the guests had left and there was only the two of us and one guest, Liam, who had opted to stay. We had set up a night vision video pointing up the stairs, and we heard the unmistakable noise of the video recorder being physically switched off, and immediately after the clear sound of footsteps running up the stairs! Of course, being fearless investigators, we dived

out of our sleeping bags and rushed out of the lounge to see what could have caused it. After a thorough search upstairs finding nothing out the ordinary. We bedded down



again, as Jeanette had to drive home again and needed some sleep. It was around 4AM when we were all quiet and finally drifting off, that things took a dramatic and sinister turn. Unbeknown to Jeanette, Pamela who was sleeping across the room by the kitchen door, had just seen a black figure standing over her that appeared to be observing her. Being extremely tired she said, "Oh I'm far too tired for this now" and went under in her bag. The very next second Jeanette who was sleeping over the well by the fireplace was being woken up by having her sleeping bag violently tugged by a force so hard it

made her head spin! Then it all started happening at once, the Rem-pod we had left on the landing started reacting, we heard more footsteps and the unmistakable sound of a toilet seat being forcibly slammed down .Of course we were all wide awake by now, and again went running up the stairs - to find the toilet seat to be firmly up and no one to be seen. It was intense indeed. We have had quiet nights and other unexplained activity at the house and is somewhere we need to return to.....

As The Spooky Sisters, we always investigate together and work well as a pair as we trust each other implicitly which is very important in this line of work. We have an ability to sense each other's feelings and instincts about certain situations, and always listen to each other if one doesn't feel right about something. On investigations we both insist respect for spirit is paramount. We will not goad or mock, and if there is strong activity running away or screaming is not on the agenda! Stepping back from negativity, however, sometimes is as in this field we are aware darker forces may be at work.

We do not profess to be experts as many people in this field know it is a constant learning process looking for answers as to what lies be-



yond our passing. We very much believe in trying to find logical explanations for certain things that may occur, such as looking at acoustics of buildings, old buildings which creak and shift, sounds of dripping water, dust particles, outside noise pollution and wildlife such as rats, bats and pigeons. We will debunk wherever we can, which ultimately makes things we cannot find a logical explanation for all the more exciting. At the beginning of our investigating we wanted to own and use so much equipment, especially the technical equipment we saw so much of – but as time has gone on we have realised we do not need to rely on these things half as much as we believed although of course they all have their place. Personally, now we rely more on our own senses as we believe we have become

so much more open and sensitive to spirit energies around us over the course of time. Our favourite piece of equipment we regularly do use however is our trusty EVP which has given us so much feedback that we can't explain.

Since starting our pursuit in the field, we have been fortunate enough to visit the most amazing locations in the UK, as well as overseas, such as Venice and Ireland (Hellfire club was a highlight of that trip). We have further ambitions to investigate other locations abroad especially in the USA.

The reports we have listed are some of our most intense forms of activity we have experienced over the course of our work. But bear in mind these are all condensed into one report.

A large portion of being a paranormal investigator involves spending many hours in cold, dusty dark locations and experiencing nothing at all, and hours of reviewing evidence. This is all par for the course and can also be very boring in the times spent "waiting and watching". But of course, it does make the times where activity is observed all the more exciting and only makes us hungry for more.

We could list so many more locations we have investigated as we continue to explore our passion for the paranormal and push our boundaries further, but we would fill a book! Ooh a Spooky Sisters book... one day who knows - watch this space!





## BLACK SHUCK

#### GHOSTS OF ENGLAND

Early one evening, in the Autumn of 1938, Ernest Whiteland was making his way home to Ditchingham in East Anglia. Along the way he noticed a large black object approaching him. As it came closer, he saw that it was a huge black dog with shaggy fur. It stood at about 30 inches tall. As the dog approached, Ernest moved into the middle of the road to let it pass. When it came level with him, it vanished. Bewildered, Ernest wondered if he had made a mistake and began to look down the road and over the hedges but nothing could

be seen of the apparition. He recounted the experience to his friends in his local pub. It was there that he was told that he had seen, Black Shuck, as it had been seen numerous times in the neighbourhood. What was peculiar to the neighbourhood is that onemile south is Bungay, the place where Black Shuck made his first recorded appearance some 361 years before. On the morning of August 4th in 1577, parishioners were gathered in the Church of Saint Mary. While a storm raged outside, they knelt to pray when a large black dog

appeared. It tore around the Church and as it passed by two worshippers, it took their lives. A third victim survived but it was said that he was shrivelled up, 'Like α piece of leather scorched in a hot fire'. As soon as it appeared. it vanished, only to reappear later that day some 13 miles away in Holy Trinity Church, Blythburgh. There, it is said it killed two men and a young boy, although no official records exist. The records of the Church wardens do say that two men were killed when the clock tower was struck by lightning and collapsed

through the roof. It is there at Holy Trinity Church that Black Shuck is said to have left scorched claw marks on the north door as it passed through it on its way out! On inspection, however, it appears distinctly as though the marks are those from a candle. With this, the only tangible evidence of Black Shuck, it seems that the stories appear to be nothing more than a legend, yet Abraham Fleming, while enrolled at Peterhouse in Cambridge, took time from his studies to make an account of this creature in his. A Strange and Terrible Wonder in 1577. The title page reads,

'A strange and terrible wonder wrought very late in the parish church of Bongay; a town of no great distance from the city of Norwich, namely the fourth of August, in the year of our Lord 1577. In a great tempest of violent rain, lightening and thunder, the like whereof has been seldom seen. With the appearance of a horrible shaped thing, sensibly perceived of the people then and there assembled. Drawn into a plain method according to a written copy.'

The last sentence refers to the image drawn of Black Shuck in the title page. What is seen is the silhouette of a large black dog in mid stride facing to the left. It has three large paws firmly on the ground with huge claws. The

front right leg, however, is drawn upwards and curved to the body but again its large claws can be seen. Beneath the body and on the front left leg the fur can be seen to be long and shaggy, a long black tail points low to the ground and on its large head, large ears and one may argue with large glowing eyes. A further account attributed to Fleming says,

'This Black Dog, or the devil in such a likeness (God he knows all who works all,) running all along down the body of the Church with great swiftness, and incredible haste, among the people, in a visible form and shape, passed between two persons, as they were kneeling upon their knees, and occupied in prayer as it seemed, wrung the necks of them both in one instant clean backwards, in so much that even at a moment where they kneeled. they strangely died.' One might notice there are similarities in the accounts between Bungay and Blythburgh in that three people were said to be attacked in each location by a large, supernatural dog, concerning the often noted discrepancy between when the appearances were said to have happened, both early in the morning and very late it could be said that the story has been copied, even exaggerated and therefore should be passed over as a mere leg-

end, yet the stories of Black Shuck persist. In Catherine Crowe's Night-Side of Nature or Ghosts and Ghost Seers. 1850, Crowe notes that there are many curious stories of birds being seen in rooms when death is imminent but most curious is that of the black dog. She recounts the story of a young lady named only as P-. She was sitting to work, the windows and doors were shut, when she suddenly noticed a large black dog. When she went to put it out, it vanished. She returned to her seat and it reappeared again. She left to call her mother who agreed to wait outside the room. If P-was to see the dog again her mother would come in and catch sight of the creature. P-went in to work and again saw the dog, she called her mother but the dog vanished. Soon afterwards her mother fell ill. Before she died, she called to her daughter and said, "Remember the black dog!" In Cornwall a contemporary report of the time recounts a newly wed woman returning to her husband to request that he remove a black dog that had got into their nursery and was laying on their child's bed. He went up and found that their child had died. John Fraser in his Ghost Hunting, A survivor's Guide published in 2010 gives us an interesting detail. He notes that this creature is seen 'infrequently' as a symbol of

impending doom. This creature, however, is said to have been seen across the country but not always with a direct link to death. In the early part of the 19th century Lady Walsingham and Lady Rendlesham curious about the legend of Black Shuck sat up one night in the Churchyard at Leiston Church in the hope of seeing this mysterious creature. Sure enough their vigil was rewarded when they saw it swiftly moving between the gravestones, jump over the wall and disappear down the lane. They remained unharmed. In the Summer of 1993 Alec Fox from Newcastle came for a short holiday to North Anston, near Sheffield. Reaching one of the rocky outcrops nearby he decided to go for α climb. He found himself between two columns of rock when he suddenly felt uneasy. He continued to climb until he reached the top. When he looked up and saw some ten feet away a huge black dog. It stood motionless, stared and growled at him. He climbed back down, called for his friend and they both returned in search of what Mr Fox claimed to have seen, but they could not find any trace of this creature. In his recount Mr Fox described the encounter as not an 'earthly' event. Further descriptions are of it often inhabiting silent lanes, ancient tracks, coastal paths; consistently it is of a huge

build, with black shaggy fur and it is said that it can give α bone chilling howl and sometimes accompanied by the smell of sulphur, but these last two descriptions could be the work of an excitable imagination. The most important distinction are the eyes. Black Shuck is reputed to have huge eyes amongst its list of unusual characteristics. At an unspecified time, near Bradwell in the

Peak District, two brothers, both miners, were walking home from the pub when Black Shuck padded its way up to them. One brother described it as having glowing eyes yet the other brother looked and could see nothing in front of him. The one who saw the dog was badly shook up and refused to go to work in the morning. Later that day his brother was killed in the mines. In Cambridgeshire, Black Shuck is sometimes called the Shug Monkey. It has, supposedly, been seen in a lane called Slough Hill



between West Wrattling and Balsham. There a witness described it as walking on its hind legs with rough coated fur and shining eyes. These two features, an-ill omen and walking on hindlegs, as I will recount, have a personal effect on myself.

In 2012 I found myself in Bolling Hall, to look for ghosts. I arrived early but after a long day I took a seat by the doorway of the great Hall. Gill was some distance away from me preparing a plan for the evening when one of the custodians of Bolling Hall appeared in the doorway behind



me. Gill turned and smiled as she knew the gentleman from her previous visit. She asked him about that, 'thing' he saw. He recounted that some time previously he and his colleague (who now joined him in the doorway) were cleaning up in the room which I now sat. He heard a commotion by the doorway, the same one they were stood in now. He turned to see it was a large black dog standing on its hindlegs looking about the room. Gill asked him how big it was and he indicated with his hand to a little under the height of his

shoulders. At this point his voice began to tremble as he continued with his description. He called to his colleague who turned and saw the same thing. a large black dog standing on its hind legs in the doorway. It looked about the room for a few moments before it dropped to all four paws. It turned and ran up the stairs. Both men were terrified to go and follow it, but they could hear it running about in the rooms above. A few days later they

were again clearing up in the great hall when they noticed a woman in the same doorway. She asked them if they had seen anything peculiar as she had lost something. Bewildered, they explained what they had seen and she said, 'That was it'. She went upstairs and came down again. She said thank you and left. The creature, nor the woman, were seen again.

The following year I found myself in Pontefract, I had been invited by a friend to her youngest child's birthday. I arrived and found

myself surrounded by chocolates, cakes, snacks and fizzy drinks and all kinds of tasty treats that kids like. As I spoke to Liz, I mentioned my curiosity in Black Shuck as her kids played outside. She replied that I should speak to her husband, because he has seen it! Here, I had the opportunity to speak to somebody who could give me details about this creature. I decided to make this a part of a natural conversation so as not to encourage any of the peculiarities or fanciful imaginations that might go along with Black Shuck. I wanted to know one thing. just how real is this creature and I considered how I could deduce that from the answers I would receive. I took a seat and waited for Liz's husband to arrive. The first time I met him we were in the grounds of a now demolished hospital. He told me about his ghostly encounter there, he spoke slowly in a well-considered manner. His words were matter of fact, humble and with no sense of heroism at having experienced or seen α ghost. I found him credible and likeable. When he arrived at the party he sat nearby and I asked if he had seen Black Shuck. He slowly nodded so I asked him about it. He said he came home from work one day and went to his bedroom to get some rest. He

#### PHANTOM HOUNDS.

Central Figure of Conan Doyle's New Sherlock Holmes Story Duplicated in Many English Traditions.

[Tit-Bits:] Some of the thousands of readers whose interest has been excited by Dr. Conan Doyle's enthralling story of "The Hound of the Basker-villes" may not be aware that a phantom dog is numbered amongst the most grisly and fearsome specters of the East Norfolk coast.

This apparition, known as Old Shuck or Black Shuck, takes the form of a huge black dog, which on stormy nights may be encountered prowling along certain narrow, lonesome lanes in that sparsely-populated district lying between Yarmouth, and Cromer, The demoniac howling of this awful monster-which has flaming teeth, and a solitary fiery eye in the middle of its forehead-is heard above the roaring of the wind and sea, and the fishermen and farm hands, when they hear it, take care to hasten to their homes, for to see Black Shuck is to receive notice that you will die before the end of the year. Stories are told in some of the coast hamlets of persons who have met this Norfolk Snarleyow, and almost invariably, the country folk will tell you, those persons did not live more than twelve months after the encounter.

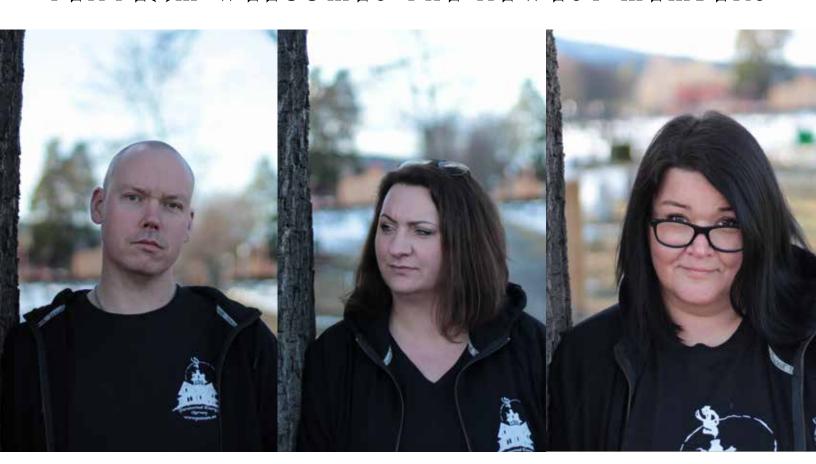
There is, however, one way of escaping the penalty of intrusion on Black Shuck's nocturnal prowling, and that is, you must preserve absolute silence about the monster for twelve months after your encounter with him. People who are fond of cruising on the Norfolk Broads will be interested to know that Neatishead Long Lane, near the lovely broad at Barton, and the roads leading to Colishall Bridge over the Bure are Black Shuck's favorite haunts, but he also frequents the lanes in the neighborhood of Bacton, where another Norfolk ghost, the Long Coast Guardsman, takes a nightly stroll at the witching hour.

opened the door and there it was, sitting on his bed. He closed the door and hurriedly came back downstairs, and there again he saw the same huge black dog with shaggy fur sitting in the garden. It stared ahead for a few moments and then simply vanished. As he told me his story, it fitted his character, he was always slow to respond, never in a panic but always in a calm manner. I wondered if he could tell me about its eyes, Black Shuck is supposed to have huge eyes and yet that one characteristic fails to be mentioned in many sightings of it. So, I calmly asked, 'What was its eyes like?' He got up from his chair and leant over the table. He picked up a plate and put it down, he looked at a saucer under a cup and then he picked up a sandwich plate. Here, in England we often like to enjoy sandwiches or cakes on a plate about quarter size of a dinner plate but somewhat larger than a saucer for tea cups. He picked it up and said, 'about that size'. I suddenly found myself with somebody who I found honest and credible, unassuming and may have seen, Black Shuck. At this point Liz entered the room and added, 'A short time after that he had a near fatal accident.' Just maybe then, that Black Shuck does exist and does act as an ill omen in some way. What is said about Black Shuck is difficult to prove as it is to dismiss. In 2014 at Leiston abbey, archaeologists excavated the remains of a huge dog, the height was about 72cm from the floor to the shoulder and nearly 7 foot in length which parallels the story from Ernest Whiteland. The bones, however, date from 1650-1690 at the earliest. One wonders, if such a creature existed on this earth could there not be a supernatural equivalent? We may never have evidence of such an-other worldly creature but there are numerous accounts that hold the same common themes of a large black, shaggy dog, appearing and disappearing at will and frequently acting as an ill omen. The most curious aspect of Black Shuck is that as one sifts between folklore and fact, Black Shuck remains.

~Kester



PENTEAM WELCOMES THE NEWEST MEMBERS





## El Vampiro de Moca

The Chupacabra which translates into "goat-sucker", was once a creature only known to the inhabitants of the tiny island of Puerto Rico. It has since grown to a global phenomenon with sightings all over the world. The Chupacabra has been attacking and removing farm animals of their blood. As of yet, the Chupacabra, has not attacked humans, although no one can say for certain that this will not happen in the future. The origin of its name comes from its earliest attacks, where goats were found with their blood drained and with two peculiar puncture marks on their necks. There have been

reports alleging that certain organs were also missing from some of the victim's bodies, without any visible way for those organs to have been removed. The sightings continue to increase at an alarming rate as time goes on by, fueling paranoia and fear. The first sighting of the Chupacabra was around February 25, 1975, when a Puerto Rican newspaper first reported the strange animal deaths in the small town of Moca, Puerto Rico. Mocha which is located in the north-western region of the island. In Moca's neighborhood Rocha, fifteen cows. three goats, two geese, and a pig were found with puncture

marks on their bodies, indicating a sharp object of some sort had been inserted into them. It seems that all autopsies showed that the slaughter animals were missing all their blood. Even with this fact, police blamed the deaths on rapid dogs. The people and the newspapers decided to call and sensationalize the attacks and name it "el Vampiro de Moca", translated "Moca Vampire."

By March of that same year, the death count had risen to over some thirty animals. The people began to formulate their own theories and began spreading it around, that it was the unknown creature

was a supernatural bird of some sort. The theory was based on one woman's report of a strange bird pecking at her rooftop and issuing a terrifying scream. By the 1990's the el Vampiro de Moca began to be called El Chupacabras, which is likely due to the rapid spread from Puerto Rico to Mexico, Chile, Brazil and the United States. Reports during this time was spread to Texas, Florida, Michigan, Main and Oregon.

So, is the Chupacabra an unidentified species, or perhaps a dinosaur that never died out? No one really knows, but there are a lot of theories from likely to totally a farce. One of the speculative theories has placed the Chupacabra as a resident of another galaxy (see the truth behind the Chupacabra), and that the Chupacabra is the pet panther, which hops like a kangaroo. This "Alien Theory" came about due to many people seeing either the creature or moving lights in the sky has led them to this speculation that the Chupacabra's might be from outer space.

Another is that it is a halfman, half-beast vampire who roams the countryside terrorizing farm animals. Still others say that the Chupacabra is a panther-like creature with red eyes and a long snake-like tongue.

Now, another theory that seems to go with any conspiracy or mystery is, that the Government is responsible for the creation of the creature. At different times in the 20th century, the U.S. had about 25 military or naval installations in Puerto Rico, some very small ones, as well as large installations. During

this time Puerto Rico did harbor several military animal research laboratories. So, is the theory of the Government turning Puerto Rico into another Plum Island, a plausible explanation?

Many don't believe in the Chupacabra, and simply state it's just a vampire bat. Their argument is a valid one as the world's three species of blood-sucking bats live predominantly in the warm climates of Latin America. The Desmodus Rotundus "Common Vampire Bat", is one of the most common found in the Latin America's. The Chupacabra did originate in the beginning in Latin American countries, in the same locations the vampire bats are found (Puerto Rico, Costa Rica and El Salvador). The only problem with this theory is, that vampire bats attack

# Puerto Rico spellbound by reports of a hairy beast

REUTERS

SAN JUAN - The Caribbean island of Puerto Rico is in an uproar over reports of a mysterious bloodsucking beast, which is said to rip the organs from its animal victims to police. and is terrorizing rural residents.

But the government of this US territory of 3.6 million people insists the animals died of natural causes and is urging residents not to fall

into mass hysteria over local media reports. The beast, known in Spanish as "Chupacabras" or Goat Sucker, is blamed in the deaths of dozens of turkeys, rabbits, goats, cats, dogs and even horses and cows, according

"People here are frightened," said Mayor Jose Soto of Canovanas, UFO landings. a city of 40,000 people near San Juan. "It sucks the blood from dogs,

rabbits and goats and steals their or-house in the north-central city of Ca-

Goat Sucker attacks are reported daily on morning news radio reports and in El Vocero, the island's largest windowsill. circulation newspaper, which is known for its gruesome crime photos, blood-red headlines and tales of

Sucker attack, the beast was said to cats and horses. It opens the skin of rip open the bedroom window of a

guas, destroy a stuffed teddy bear, and leave a puddle of slime and a piece of rancid white meat on the

The homeowner, Santa Ramos Reyes, told police the Goat Sucker had hairy arms and huge red eyes. According to El Vocero, Caguas po-In the latest report of a Goat lice dusted the windowsill for prints but could not get an impression.

In another attack in Caguas, the

Goat Sucker purportedly swooped into a junkyard early one morning and killed five sheep, four geese and a turkey. "It came about 7 o'clock in the morning," Junker Correa em- beast." ployee Carlos de Jesus said. "It just showed up and - poof - it vanished."

In Canovanas, the Goat Sucker has struck 35 times in the past three months, Soto claimed. Every Sunday afternoon, the mayor dons militarystyle fatigues and leads a patrol of Canovanas residents on a hunt for the Goat Sucker.

"This is a very serious problem," the mayor said. "We must catch this

Police have declined to participate in the hunt, but do investigate each reported animal slaying.

"As soon as the beast attacks a person, we will get involved," a Canovanas police spokeswoman said.

Skeptics blame the attacks on

wild mankage A salany of agona

in groups of large numbers and only one bite mark has been located on the animals. Now in my research for this article. I did notice a lot of similarities between The Chupacabra and The New Jersey Devil. Their physical descriptions of their physical appearance as well as the type of the wounds. Both of their puncture wounds are often described like the classic vampire bite." They both have "very large, slanted, glowing red eyes. Face is flat, perhaps simian-like, body some say is covered with spotted skin like a frog's" The descriptions just don't stop there, they both have "spikes on its head and back" with "chicken legs" that have a 3-toed foot about six inches long. The tracks even seem to match, "such tracks have been found and photographed in dirt near dead animals. This creature has been seen to hop, or fly, from the ground to a tree or from trees to the ground." This brings me to the thought that maybe the creatures are one in the same. Is it a coinci-

dence that New Jersey is one of the top states that Puerto Ricans migrate too? The Chupacabra seem to exhibit intelligent behavior, and they seem to possess some type of skill of at becoming undetectable. Some people claim that the structures in their back are some type of wings that gives them the power of flight. Could this be a reason have that they have been able to elude captivity and avoid close contact with people? The Chupacabra is like any normal animal in the sense that it exhibits normal mating and group behavior. The species dwells underneath the soil in cave-like structures whose origins and makeup are currently unknown. As established already, its food source is the blood of animals. The Chupacabra does not drink the blood of humans. However, these last few years have witnessed an explosion in the number Chupacabra's sightings and attacks, due to some unknown factor, which leaves you to wonder when are humans next?

☐ Reports in Puerto Rico of a deadly beast stalking the island have some terrified and some skeptical.

REUTERS

SAN JUAN, Puerto Rico — This Caribbean island is in an uproar over reports of a mysterious blood-sucking beast that is said to rip the organs from animals and is terrorizing rural residents.

But the government of this U.S. terri-

goats, cats, dogs and even horses and cows, according to police.

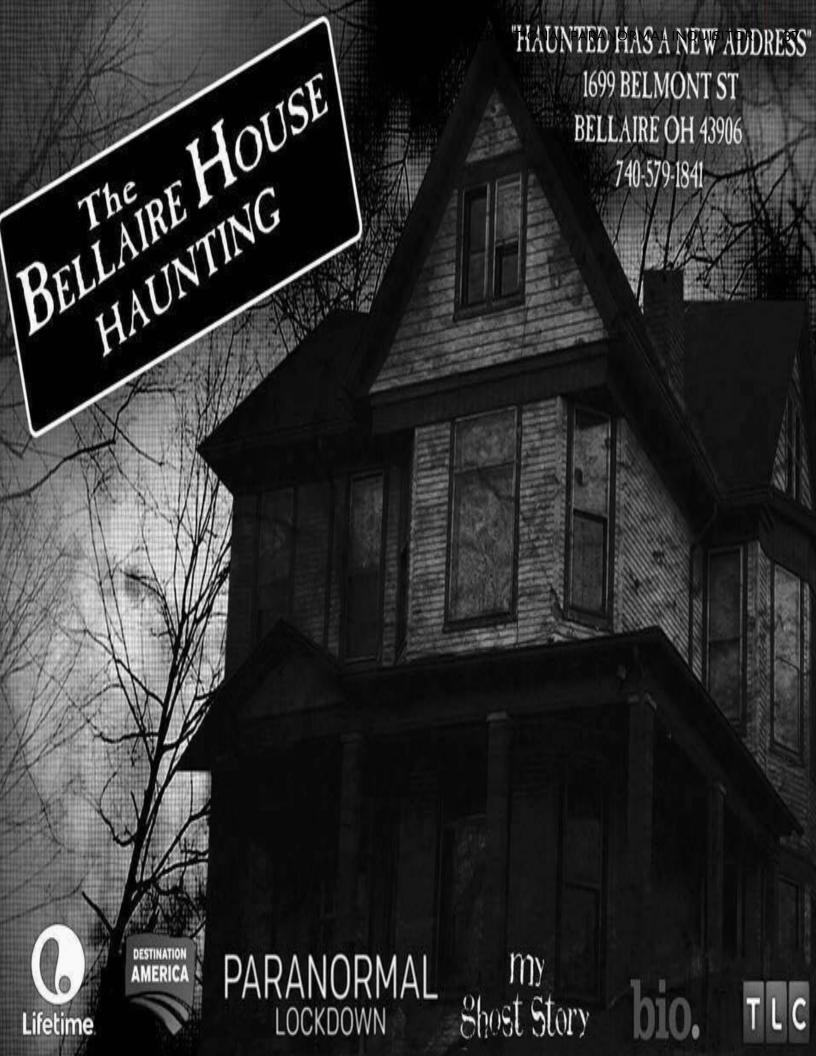
"People here are frightened," said Mayor Jose Soto of Canovanas, a city of 40,000 people near San Juan. "It sucks the blood from dogs, cats and horses. It opens the skin of rabbits and goats and steals their organs."

Goat Sucker attacks are reported daily on morning radio reports and in El Vocero, the island's largest-circulation newspaper, which is known for its gruesome crime photos, blood-red headlines and tales of UFO landings.

In the latest report of a Goat Sucker attack, the beast was said to have ripped open the bedroom window of a house in El Vocero, Caguas police dusted the windowsill for prints but could not get an impression.

In another attack in Caguas, the Goat Sucker purportedly swooped into a junkyard early one morning and killed five sheep, four geese and a turkey. "It came about 7 o'clock in the morning," employee Carlos de Jesus told Reuters. "It just showed up and — poof — it vanished."

In Canovanas, the Goat Sucker has struck 35 times in the past three months, Soto said. Every Sunday afternoon, the mayor dons fatigues and leads a patrol of Canovanas residents on a hunt for the Goat Sucker.



# Megalodon

Deafening silence, terrifying dark abyss, an unexplored frontier, I am not talking about outer space. I am talking about the world we live in, Earth. The earth is covered by approximately 70 percent water, and we have only explored approximately 10 percent of it. You read that correctly the human race has only explored 10 percent of

the ocean which is the majority of where we call home. Although the theme of this edition of International Paranormal Inquisitor is about "Crypted" beings such as Werewolves. Big Foot, and

the Loch Ness Monster. I am going to talk about a creature that at one point and time did exist but is believed to be long gone. I am talking about the largest alpha creature to ever exist in the sea, the Carcharocles Megalodon or the Megalodon, aka "Meg."

The Megalodon existed millions of years ago and is believed to have gone extinct

approximately 2.6 million years ago (emphasis on believed). While assumed that this massive beast is long gone there have been numerous sightings over many years. With only a small percent of the ocean being explored it is not too far fetched that the Meg is still out there. It is hard to believe how ever that there is not concrete



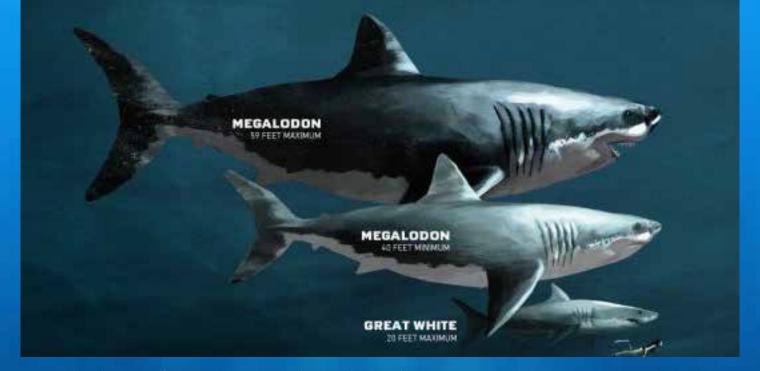
evidence that the Meg is out there since the Megalodon could reach approximately 60 feet in length and weigh nearly 59 metric tons. To put this in perspective let us compare the Megalodon to one of the most feared living sharks the Great White Shark. The Great White Shark is about 20 feet in length and weighs only 4200 lbs. The Great White Shark is

dwarfed by the Megalodon. Again, you would think there would be a lot more evidence of this massive man-eating monstrosity existing in the world today. It is still possible with the lack of evidence that the Megalodon could still exist, with the ocean being 90 percent undiscovered scientist are still finding creatures that have been thought to be

long extinct. Scientist are also discovering new creatures that have been around for millions of years that are just now surfacing. An example of this would be the Giant Squid and the Colossal Squid. These two creatures were only discovered in the last century. The Colossal Squid is now believed to be

the basis of the mythological Kraken. So it is possible the Megalodon is still lurking in the depths of the dark abyss that is the ocean.

There have been many stories of the sightings of the Megalodon and spread across the globe. In the early 1900 fisherman in Australia told a story of a giant shark that was able to take a fishing boat



apart in bite. The fisherman of this area believed the story so much that no one would fish in area that was a deeper part of the ocean due to the fear of this giant shark ravaging their boats.

Another story is of an experienced veteran captain of boat claimed that he had his 55-foot-long boat anchored and a shark as long as the boat swam by. The captain of this vessel was very certain that the creature he encountered was a shark and was positive it was not a whale of any sort. When the crew of the ship was questioned about the sighting, the all refused to comment on weather or not they witnessed a large shark pass by the boat.

In 2013 a group of friends charted a boat for fishing off the African coast. One of the members of this group recorded their adventures. This video has been played on shark shows on television

and is readily available on the internet. In the video you see a group of friends enjoying a nice fishing trip during the day, the video cuts to two hours later at night. While still showing the group still fishing, it quickly turns into a scene from a horror movie. There is a loud hammering sound as the boat and crew bounce as something rams it. The group look at each other in disbelief and confusion. Seconds later the frightening sound happens again, this time the video turns sideways as the camera falls to the ground. Even with camera falling it is clear that the boat has already began to capsize and sink. The group of friends struggle to stay up right and attempt to stay on the boat, water is rushing in from every side. There are sounds of more thundering hits to the boat, and then the screen goes black. While the events sound like they are taken

directly from a movie script, the group of friends are never found and only the camera is recovered. It is believed that the events that occurred were similar to a shark attack. However, for the boat to be taken down this quickly it would have to be a shark the size of the Megalodon These sightings can seem to be far fetched and possibly scripted, but there is still the possibility that they are true. There may not be any evidence to support these claims, there is also no evidence to dispute these claims. In the end it comes down to what you believe and want to believe. I personally believe that the Meg still exist and is living in the deep deep terrifying ocean. The ocean is entirely to large and unexplored for there not the bea man eating beast that will haunt sailors nightmares until the end of time.

Megalodon is out there!!!!!!

# Frog'll boggle minds

#### By Jan Goldstein Journal Herald Staff Writer

LOVELAND - Police here have admitted that an unknown creature that touched off a secret search and tight securiy measures at police headquarters has been shot and killed by a village patrolman.

The creature, which was the subject of endless rumors, here, appeared to be a three-foot tall frog, according to a policeman who saw it.

Patrolman Mark Matthews said that his partner, Patrolman "but it was running and I wanted to see what it was, so I fired at it, hit it four times," with his .357 magnum service revolver.

But Matthews says he never got a really close look at his prey because the animal gave one last hop, fell into the river and was washed away.

MATTHEWS says he doesn't believe in monsters and thinks that what he saw that night was an iguana.

The week between the Schockey and Matthews sightings, the Loveland Police Dept. "tried to keep the whole thing a secret," Matthews says, "because we didn't want to scare people and anyway it would make the department look bad."

Still puzzled after the animal was destroyed, the Loveland police called in expert consultants in the case.

FIRST, an artist made a composite drawing based upon descriptions supplied by Schockey and Matthews.

The drawing was sent to Parry Wakeman, a zoologist at the Cincinnati Zoo, for analysis.

Wakeman's verdict on the drawing is that it "was unlike any possible animal" but he thinks the thing might be an otter or a woodchuck. It couldn't be any type of amphibian or reptile, he says, because the weather was cold.

But he admits that a species of giant frog does exist, the Rana Giantus, or West African Giant Frog.

## SHAWMAHOC

Our next story we turn to the lovely city of Loveland. Loveland is situated in three counties Hamilton, Clermont, and Warren counties and is in the southwestern part of the U.S. state of Ohio. This city was once a busy railroad town, but now it is just a major stop along the Little Miami Scenic Trail.

Now before beginning this legend, it is important to bring up the Native Americans folklore, that used to reside in the area. The Shawnee had told tales of a creature that had been spotted in this area, on the river banks. They said they often sighted this creature while out hunting. In one tale, they decided

to attack it with arrows, but they were unsuccessful. Fortunately, the creature did not attack them, just simply looked at them, then dove into the river. The Shawnee said it was a supernatural being called a 'Shawnahooc' which means 'demon of the river'. This city of 12,732 people began to circulate stories of an unknown creature around 1955. The reports described creatures that stood erect on their hind legs, each 3 to 4 feet (0.91 to 1.22 m) in height, with leathery skin and frog faces. The people of Loveland circulated three different encounters that slightly vary, with these creatures they call the "Frogman of Loveland".

One story is with a businessman driving along a road late at night. In this story, the driver was heading out of the Branch Hill neighborhood when he saw three figures standing erect on their hind legs along the side of the road. In the other two versions of the story, the creatures were spotted under or over a poorly lit bridge, which bridge is unknown as there are several bridges in Loveland going over the Little Miami river. Now this next part is what causes the confusion. The thought that they are cryptids from the general description as naked and hairless, also having web hands and feet. The story continues telling

that he watched the figures hold a conversation for what seemed like hours, until one of them held a wand over its head and fired a spray of sparks, which caused him to flee the scene. The introduction of this wand could lead many to believe it was an alien lifeform versus a cryptid. This story circulated for many years and was discounted by many as just a local urban legend. That's when the urban legend took a sharp turn and brought this story to life and to everyone's attention. On March 3, 1972, at approximately 1:00 a.m., Loveland police officer Ray Shockey was traveling on Riverside Drive headed into Loveland. Officer Shockey said he was driving slow due to icy roads, that's when he saw an animal on the side of the road. The animal ran across the road and the Officer Shockey said

he slammed on his brakes to keep from running it over. Once he stopped, he stated he had the animal in sight with his headlights. He said the animal was resembled a frog by the way it just sat there. Then the animal stood up on two feet and stared directly at him. Finally, it turned away from him and jumped over a guard rail down into the Little Miami River. He described as being 3 to 4 feet tall, 50 to 75 pounds, with leathery skin and resembling a frog. When he called other Officers to respond, and they investigated his claim, they found that the auardrail had been scratched extensively right where it was reported that he saw the animal climb over the guardrail.

Later that month, Officer Matthews was driving on Kemper Road when he saw something run across the road. However.

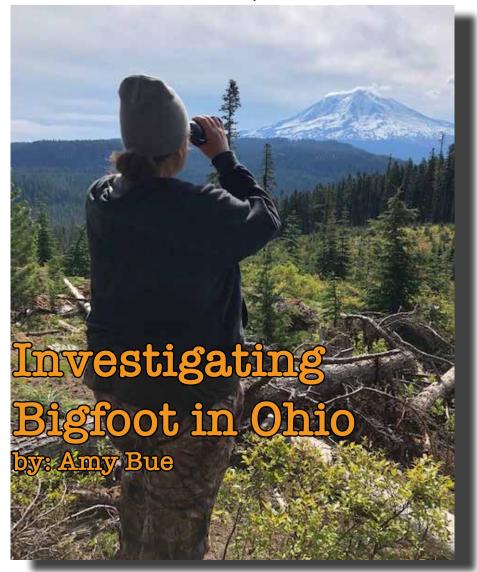
he stated, it wasn't walking upright and didn't climb over the guardrail as Officer Shockey claimed, legend. The creature crawled under the guardrail. Officer Matthews said he "had no clue what it was." Staring at it in disbelief, he decided to act quickly. "I know no one would believe me, so I shot it," he said. In August of 2016, Sam Jacobs was said to have spotted the infamous creature. Sam was playing "Pokemon Go" on Loveland Madeira Road. Jacobs said he crossed train tracks to Lake Isabella when he saw something out of the ordinary.

He saw what appeared to be a frog near the water, but not an ordinary frog. He then stated the frog stood up and walked on its two hind legs. Sam described the frog at being 4 feet tall, just as the legend claims. Sam knew no

one would believe him, so he took some photos and videos of it to support his encounter.

The city of Loveland has decided to embrace the Legend of the Frogman. The city has teams called the Frogmen, 5K races called the Frogman. Local merchants have jumped in and started marketing the Frogman legend, from canoe outfitters telling tales of the creature in the water ways, to filmmakers releasing films.





As a Bigfoot Investigator living in Northeastern Ohio, I have had all kinds of interesting experiences across the Buckeye State. Although it's surprising to many people, Ohio is currently 5th in line for the most sightings reported through the BFRO's (Bigfoot Field Researchers Organization) public data base. We're not sure if it's the topography, geology, food sources, or something totally different that accounts for that fact: but whatever the reason, Bigfoot encounters are alive and well in Ohio.

My own initial sighting that got me interested in the subject of Bigfoot and Cryptozoology was in Ohio's Mahoning County in the spring of 2012. I was in a vehicle passing over Meander Reservoir, and I saw what looked like a large. hairy, bipedal creature holding onto a tree and staring out at the water. Because my sighting occurred from approximately 100 yards away, I still can't be absolutely sure about what it was. But I do know that what it looked like was a Bigfoot. And since that day, I've been hooked on the

subject.

It took me quite α long time after my sighting occurred to report it to the BFRO, and then it took me even more time to be brave enough to start camping and going out into the forests to try to have more experiences of my own. At this point I have embraced being outdoors and I often remote camp, even by myself. The beauty and lure of the trees outweigh any fears about what might be lurking behind them. I am very careful when I go out, but at this point I don't think that anything could keep me away. My home is in Northeastern Ohio, right along the border with Pennsylvania. I spend a lot of time in my neighboring state's Allegheny National Forest, but some of my most compelling experiences have taken place in Ohio itself. My main area that I take reports and interview witnesses from is Columbiana County. Home of the original Ohio Howl recording, Columbiana County has a rich history of Bigfoot sightings that continue to this day. I've interviewed a mother and daughter who saw a Bigfoot come out of the woods from their left and cross the road in front of their car. It was dripping wet from a misty rain and they were surprised at how thin it was. Another witness was riding bicycles with a friend along the Greenway

Trail down in Lisbon, Ohio. They said that rocks were hitting their helmets, and when they stopped to look, they saw a Bigfoot stooped down in a creek bed. Reports where there are more than one witness have the obvious advantage of having two or more people to cross examine and compare their observations with. In both of these cases. everything matched. Details such as the wet fur and the size of the rocks thrown are things that could easily differ. but the fact that all witnesses agreed on them made the reports all the more intriguing. My favorite report I've investigated in Ohio was from a witness who saw what he described as a 4-foot tall, juvenile, white Bigfoot standing 20 feet from him and swaying back and forth before darting in and out of the trees. He got repeated looks at the creature, and what made this witness so compelling is that he is a wildlife exterminator. He was in the woods that day culling coyotes, and he didn't have anything else on his mind. I went with him to the area where his sighting happened and listened to him retell exactly what he saw. This man knows animals, and he couldn't explain what he saw that day in any other way than to say it was a Bigfoot. I believe him.

People often tell me that they are sure I must lead a

very exciting life as a Bigfoot Investigator. They are right and they are wrong. Besides doing my research, I am also a teacher and I have my family that I'm busy with. When I do get to spend time in the woods either searching on my own or with a witness, the truth is that it is very seldom that I am intrigued by any noises or happenings as far as Bigfoot is concerned. I love seeing deer, and bears, and owls, and all of the other animals that are abundant in Ohio and across North America. I am not easily convinced, however, that strange sounds are anything other than the wind or a fox screaming in the night; but occasionally. something happens that I

can't explain.

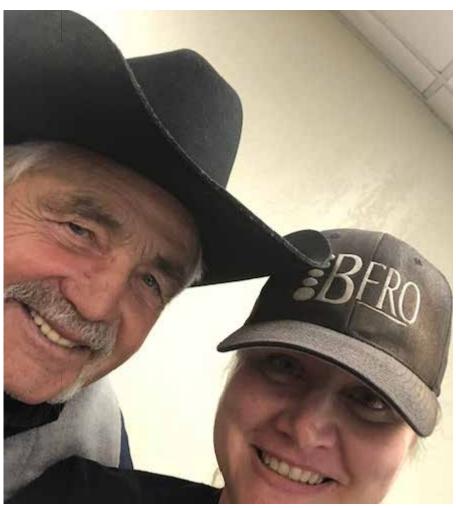
Since 2012, I have had a few experiences that I will always wonder about. I was with a group of researchers down in Shawnee State Park in Southern Ohio. We were sitting along a remote road at dusk when a rock came whizzing out of the forest and flew past all of us. We never saw anything, but we all knew that there are no recognized animals in the forest that throw rocks. Another time. I was at a nature preserve in the middle of the night. We had driven miles into a remote part of the forest. The group I was with got out of our truck and set up some chairs to make a base camp, when everything



got guiet. Suddenly we could hear something loud crashing through tree branches on a ledge up above us. You could hear it coming in horizontally from a good distance away, and not straight down. We all ducked and covered our heads as a tree stump hit the ground about 5 feet away from where we were sitting. Even if I would try to explain that away as being from a person, that guess would fall short. No man that I know could throw that heavy stump so far and with such force. As we drove out of that area later, we heard rocks clacking together and a strange howl.

The most compelling thing that has happened to me occurred last year, in the spring of 2018. I was helping with an expedition in Southern Ohio. It was the last night. and we were all tired from getting very little sleep for four days straight. There was a light rain, and I wanted to leave. My team needed me to stay and take a few people out, so of course I agreed. The night before, we had hiked a long way through the forest; so this night we decided





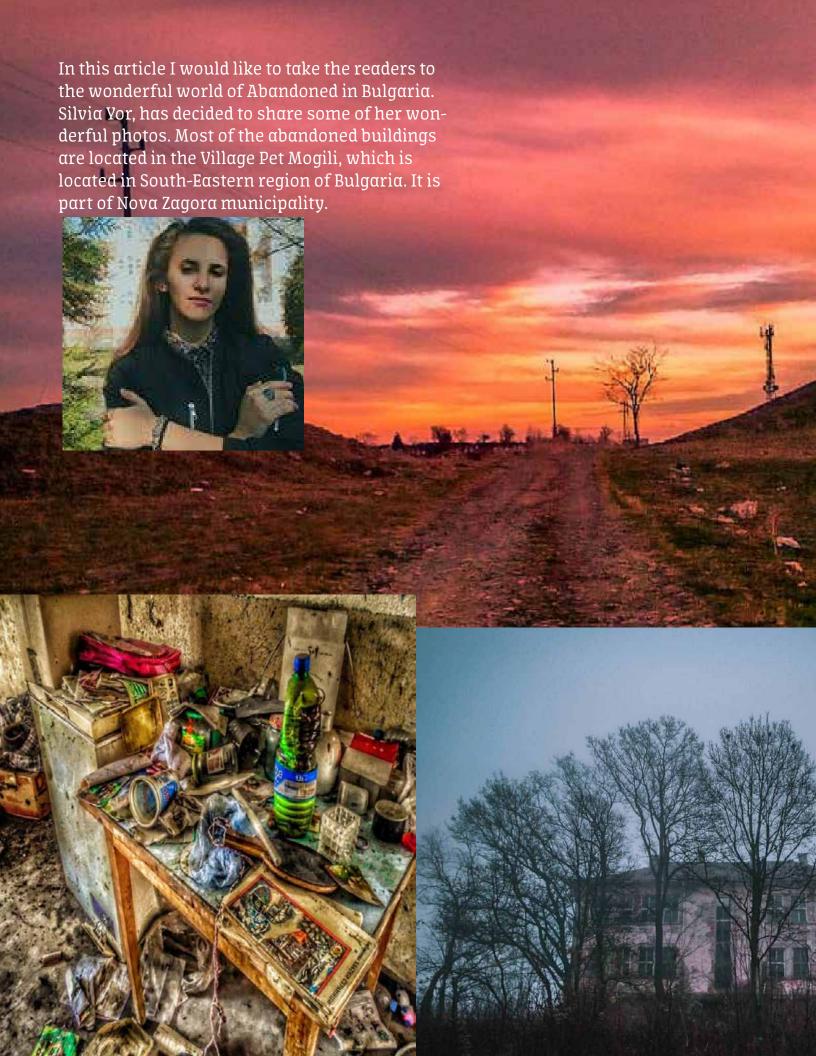
to sit and listen at a location looking down a power line cut. Some people call these cuts Bigfoot Highways because so many sightings have been reported close to them. The theory is that the creatures use these paths because just like for humans. the walking would be easier than through a forest with underbrush and fallen trees. There were four of us sitting there when one of the men I was with shouted that he could see something through his thermal imaging camera. He passed it to me, and both of us took turns looking at a very large figure that was walking away from us. It finally disappeared over an

embankment that led down α steep hill into α creek. We didn't realize just how large this creature was until we sent some fellow researchers down to stand at the exact location where we first saw it. It had been right next to the base of one of the towers, and we were able to line the person up for a good comparison. When I saw how much smaller my friend was than this creature that we had just seen, my knees actually buckled in fear. We looked for footprints the next day, but the tall grass matted down along the towers kept anything from showing. I will never forget that night, and I dreamt of what I had seen for several nights to come. I αm not α Bigfoot expert. Nobody is. There are many people with differing opinions about what these creatures could be. I look at them as a possible undiscovered North American primate. Whether they are more human or more ape-like, I don't know. I cofounded a group called Project Zoobook which includes several primatologists, zoologists, biologists, and anthropologists alongside other Bigfoot researchers. We have conference calls to discuss new discoveries and ideas relating to Bigfoot. We visit zoos and go into the woods together. A few of us are flying out to Washington State again this year to look

at some possible evidence discovered on the Olympic Peninsula. While I think a scientific explanation is possible, others look at Bigfoots as being more paranormal. Although some people in the community clash over such differing ideas. I think there is room for debate and differing viewpoints. After all, none of us are sure. Time will tell what happens in the search for Bigfoot in Ohio and beyond.













# TRANDUMSKOGEN — THE DARK FOREST WW2 EXECUTION AREA...

Trandumskogen is a forest located in Ullensaker, Akershus county, Norway. This site contains a 300-meter-long firing range for

tanks. After the fall and occupation of Norway during World War II, the Nazi soldiers practiced firing here for the remainder of World War 2. The large 10-metertall reinforced concrete walls are riddled with huge holes that were penetrated by the massive shells of the occupier's tanks. However. they are still standing today and are reminders of the activity that once took place here in the past. Unbeknownst to the residents at the time, the firing range

had another sinister function. These walls were designed to act as a silencer for what the occupation forces true intent for this area really was.

At first site, this location is a tranquil and very beautiful forest. However, it is the site of one of the most brutal atrocities of World War II, committed by the Nazi's in Norway. This site holds the distinction of one of the first mass graves discovered, that were committed by the Nazi's during the war.

In May of 1945, the first discoveries were made, and

PAIKIUIIDM IN
NORWAY DARES
TO DEFY NAZIS

Spirit of Loyalty Exists in Face
Of Oppression, Death From
German Overlords

those discoveries would lead to a total of 194 souls executed and buried here at this location. Many of these souls, had been sentenced to death by the German occupation forces. However, many of them were just arbitrary executions. There was in total a discovery of 18 different mass graves in this forest area. This discovery was due to the capture of the perpetrator,

that committed this heinous and brutal crime. The executioner, 'Oscar Hans, a German SS-Hauptsturmführer', who was forced to point out where

> the graves was located. 194 Souls just let that number sink in... 173 souls were Norwegians. Then we have 15 Russians, and finally 6 Britons. All executed here in Trandumskogen during this terrible war. The men who were transported here arrived early in the morning before the staff came to work in the Trandum camp, which is located nearby. When they arrived here, they did not know what horror laid ahead for them. The prisoners were placed

on the tombs and all shot. They all were shot in the neck at the same time on the command "Feuer" and allowed to bleed to death. These poor souls did not even receive a proper burial. They were all just tossed into a giant hole in the ground like discarded trash and hastily buried in their mass grave.

For the 194 men, that journey to the forest area in Ullen-

saker, this would be their last moments in this world. Never to see the blue skies and enjoy the beauty of the world. Never to see their families and loved ones ever again. Never allowed to enjoy the things that brought them

happiness, ever again. They were iust erased from this world. The Nazi executions were performed in secret, as many were. Overall, there were 10,000 souls who died in war-related acts in Norway during World War II. The number is around 400 that were executed, by the dark and twisted evil Nazi regime. What this means in terms

to this location, is that about half of the executions that took place in Norway, occurred in Trandumskogen. After the war, Norwegian citizens who assisted and supported the Nazi regime, were tried and sentenced for treason. Those found guilty of treason and leading members of the Norwegian national socialist party Nasjonal Samling, were forced to open the mass graves. They exhumed all the bodies of the executed prisoners. This punishment was a lesson to them, so they

could see first hand the evil they had rallied for and supported. This memory will forever be engraved in their minds for their remaining lives.

Once, the bodies were exhumed, the process of iden-



tification would begin. Every executed soul would regain their name and identity. They would not be forgotten and never erased, like the Nazi executioner had planned. The medical identification of these souls was led by a professor in forensic medicine. This professor would be Georg Waaler, who was assisted by dentist Ferdinand Strøm.

Fast forwarding through the Post War rebuilding years of Norway. On 10 October 1954, the memorial in Trandum-

skogen was unveiled. Crown Prince Olav stood for the ceremony. Per Palle Storm, artist and sculptor and professor at the National Art Academy had carried out the artistic part of the work, of this memorial. The memorial is carved of

> light Granite (Iddefjordgranitt). To the south side an inscription is carved in Norwegian. The same text translated into Russian is cut into the east side and in English to the west side. The memorial is located south of the burial ground. The memorial lists the names of those who were executed there. The memorial

has the status as a Norwegian national memorial. The text on the memorial

IN THE COMBAT FOR FREEDOM DURING THE 1940-1945 WAR 173 NORWEGIANS 15 SOVJET-SUBJECTS AND 6 BRITONS WERE HERE IN THE WOODS OF TRANDUM EXECUTED BY THE ENEMY

#### My first meeting

reads.

The first time I went to visit this area, was in 2014. I had just begun my journey as a paranormal investigator. I was oblivious to all the energy that I would encounter, in such an area like this. Even though I've been spiritual and open most of my life, and the

fact I had encountered many spirits before, this would be something new and unknown to me.

My recollections of this dark autumn night are very clear. I recall how foreboding the tank firing gates stood, and how they represented a beacon in to another world. It was the dusk, and at the moment that night time was fast approach-

ing, that I began my entrance into this location. I remember feeling that I was cold, so cold that it went right to my core, as we walked through the ominous gates for the very first time.

It was like a force field met us in the middle of the tank firing range. The feeling I recall, felt like I was not allowed inside. Despite feeling this kind of resistance, that was getting stronger as we passed each wall, we kept going through. We finally made it to the end of the tunnel. As we stood in the tunnel at the end

of the range, we could hear someone or something walking around us, and it slowly kept coming closer to us. For one of the first times in my



life I felt genuinely afraid of the dark, as my mind was clueless of what was lurking in this tunnel.

The first thing one must overcome as a paranormal investigator is the fear of the dark, which has never been a problem for me. However, that dark October night, I was really struggling. I kept telling myself I was imagining things, and that the steps were not real and coming closer. Another team member and I were the only ones in the tunnel. As we stood in the tunnel, gripped by fear is

when it began to happen. All our equipment began to be drained, and a drainage that was rapid! The trail camera that is designed to last for

days, had to have the batteries replaced twice! This occurred in under 10 minutes. My team member and myself could feel how the tension was beginning to build up. We knew that something was going to occur. As I

nervously whispered to my team member, my senses picked up on something. I felt and could hear a man approaching behind me. As my mind was panicking at the inevitable was when I felt it. I felt a strong blow right behind my knees! It felt as something or someone was trying to knee me down to the ground. I managed to guickly recover my balance and stood straight up. As I stood up, something happened. I was overcome with a sudden feeling of empowerment. I felt stronger and safer than I had

felt before.

This moment became my strongest physical encounter that I had experienced. Right here in the middle of a concrete tunnel, in the dark forest that held such a sad past. This experience solidified my desire and thirst for the Spiritual world and the search for answers. How could I ever go back to normal? I had to keep visititing places like this, to see what kinds of experiences I would have.

The investigation that night, we received an abundance of evidence. We received clear Evp's (Electronic Voice Phenomenon), with names that matched the memorial lists! Our flashlights flickered and died. All our equipment was rapidly drained. The both of us could feel and hear how the spirits had surrounded us, as we were walking through the pathway underneath the fir threes. This meeting that would begin from sheer terror, had ended in recognition and understanding.

As the years have passed by, I have visited Trandumskogen many times. The one thing that I notice is the energy shift. The energy keeps getting lighter. It seems, as the spirits here keep telling us their stories one by one. It feels like they have accepted my presence there and we are old acquaintances.

Today I have no problems

walking alone through the concrete gates. I have no fear of sitting in the dark, amongst the crosses and the fir threes in this area with its tragic history. I feel blessed as I can communicate with them and keep reminding them, that they are not forgotten, and their lives meant something! They were never a waste! They stood up to tyranny and evil. They fought for a better and safer world for us! Freedom for the Norwegian people, and for that they will always remain in our hearts and forever loved.

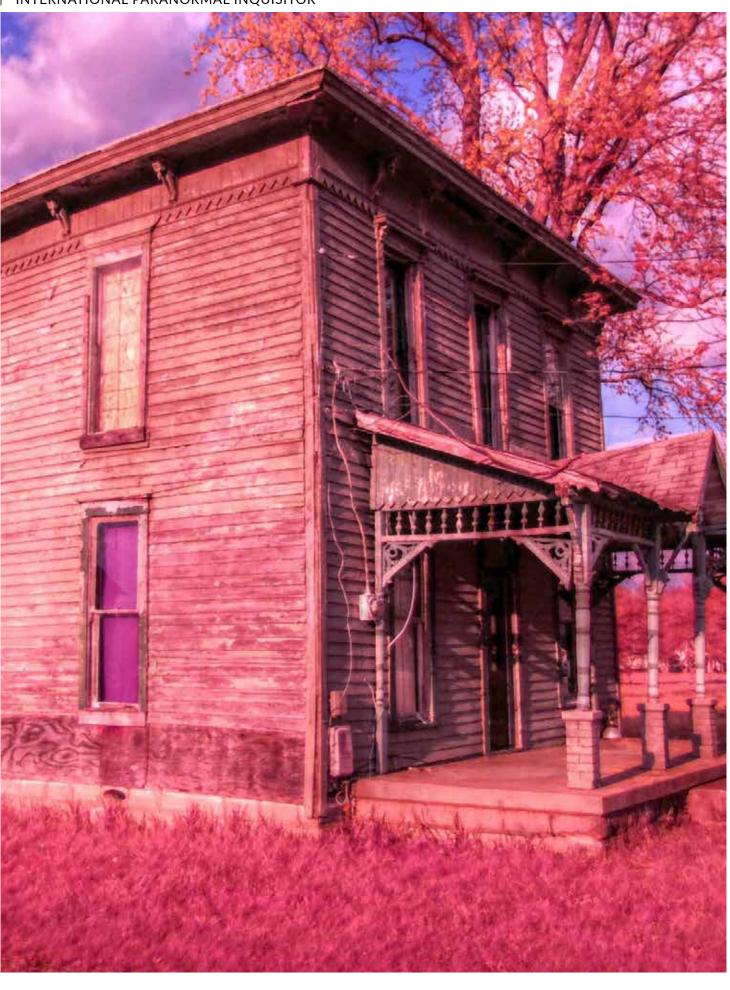
# New Wave of Nazi Norway Executions

(By Associated Press)

WASHINGTON, Feb. 1.—The Norwegian legation said today that "a new wave of German executions in Norway has brought death to at least ten Norwegian patriots during the past four days."

All were sentenced by German court martials. The legation said one of the men was accused of "activity injurious to the interests of the German occupational forces," one with distributing literature "of demoralizing content" among German soldiers, one with espionage, another with possessing illegal stores of weapons, and others with attempted escape to England.





# REVENANT ACRES FARM CLOSES

In March, it was announced with great sadness and remorse, that the owner of Revenant acres Farm in Charlottesville, Indiana had passed away. With that said, the family announced they will be closing the house off to the public. So, a date of March 30th was set as the last Public Investigation. Right before the last investigation took place, another announcement was made that would shock the paranormal community. The announcement made was "For all those asking we have received confirmation from the family, that they will be leveling out the house and the land will be farmed. \*\*Please Do Not Trespass on the property out of respect \*\*"

# The following is an article by famed investigator and author David Weatherly.

In rural Northeast Indiana, there's a creepy old farmhouse known as Revenant Acres. Sitting on 30 acres with open fields around it, the house is one of those that gives you and odd, unsettling feeling as soon as you pull in the drive.

The house dates back to the 1800s and there's little known about its history or the many residents that have lived in it over the years. Interest-

ingly, one of the tidbits that has been discovered about the home is that the property was first bought by a family named Van Meter. I found this, at the least, curious since there's a famous case from 1903 dubbed the "Van Meter Visitor." Now, those incidents took place in a small town called Van Meter in Iowa and involved a bizarre bat-like creature and paranormal events that terrorized the town. You may think I'm grasping for straws with a connection, however let me say this. I was surprised when I heard about the possible Van Meter connection and when I had the chance. I did some research. As it turns out, the town of Van Meter, Iowa, was named after Jacob Rhoads Van Meter, a man originally from Indiana. Again, perhaps it's mere coincidence, but it's strange at the least. Maybe there's something to the theory that paranormal activity follows certain family names and lines. Revenant Acres itself is reputed to display a wide range of paranormal events. Disembodied voices, poltergeist activity and strange lights have been reported by various investigating teams.

There are also reports of possessions taking place on the premises.

My colleague Dave Spinks and I spent some time in various locations in the region prior to Halloween, and this was the first stop on our tour. Needless to say, it didn't disappoint, and we had some incredible experiences.

#### Find us on Facebook @Eerie Lights







0

8

N

#### T. 071.96.32800 M. 087.980.5528

W. www. phoenixminerva.ie



M

N

E

R

V

### Training & Education









### Business Solutions - Web Design

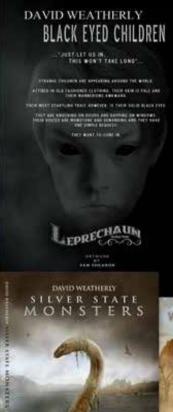




















## Instrumental TransCommunication Timeline

The following timeline was provided by World ITC, so go to their website @ http://www.worlditc.org/

#### 1901

US ethnologist Waldemar Bogoras traveled to Siberia to visit a shaman of the Tchouktchi tribe. In a darkened room, he observed a spirit conjuring ritual. The shaman beat a drum more and more rapidly, putting himself in a trance state. Startled, Bogoras heard strange voices filling the room. The voices seemed to come from all corners and spoke English and Russian. After the session, Bogoras wrote, "I set up my equipment so I could record without light. The shaman sat in the furthest corner of the room, approximately 20 feet away from me. When the light was extinguished the spirits appeared after some 'hesitation' and, following the wishes of the shaman, spoke into the horn of the phonograph."

The recording showed a clear difference between the speech of the shaman, audible in the background, and the spirit voices which seemed to have been located directly at the mouth of the horn. All along, the shaman's ceaseless drum beats can be heard as if to prove that he remained in the same spot. This was the first known experiment in which voices of "conjured spirits" were re-

#### 1910

Catholic altar boy in Brazil often saw his priest, Roberto Landell do Moura, communicating with a small box. The priest would speak to the box, and it would speak back. Fr

corded on an electrical recording device.

Landell was reluctant to share details of the box with anyone, as the Church did not approve of any forms of spirit communication other than such traditional Christian techniques as prayer. The reports of the altar boy were

officially recorded, however.

#### **1920s**

Thomas Alva Edison, inventor of the electric light, the motion picture camera, and phonograph, was busily at work in his laboratory building a machine to achieve spirit communication with the dead. His assistant, Dr Miller Hutchinson, wrote, "Edison and I are convinced that in the fields of psychic research will yet be discovered facts that will prove of greater significance to the thinking of the human race than all the inventions we have ever made in the field of electricity." Edison himself wrote, "If our personality survives, then it is strictly logical or scientific to assume that it retains memory, intellect, other faculties, and knowledge that we acquire on this Earth. Therefore ... if we can evolve an instrument so delicate as to be affected by our personality as it survives in the next life, such an instrument, when made available, ought to record something." Unfortunately, Edison died before he could

Unfortunately, Edison died before he could complete his invention. Yet, as he lay dying, he remarked to his physician, "It is very beautiful over there." Edison was a scientist, very factual, and as a scientist would never have reported "It is very beautiful over there," unless he believed it to be true.

#### 1925

Brazilian researcher Oscar d'Argonell wrote the book, Voices from Beyond by Telephone, which reported details of his long telephone dialogs with spirit friends, including many interesting verifications and explanations of how the spirit collaborators made the calls.

#### 1936

American photographer Attila von Szalay began experimenting with a record cutter and had moderate success capturing spirit voices on phonograph records. In the 1940s he had better success with a wire recorder. In the 1950s writer Raymond Bayless began a collaboration with von Szalay, and the two men documented von Szalay's results in an article for the American Society for Psychical Research in 1959. Neither the Society nor the authors received a single response from readers.

#### 1949

Marcello Bacci of Grosseto, Italy, began experimenting in the paranormal. Soon he began recording voices using an old vacuum tube radio. A spirit team developed around his work, and they spoke to him through the radio sounds. People would visit him in his lab at home, and very often their departed loved ones would talk to them through Mr Bacci's radio. Today, Marcello Bacci still uses the vacuum tube radio, and his spirit friends not only talk to him, but sometimes they sing to him.

#### 1950s

In Italy, two Catholic priests, Father Ernetti and Father Gemelli, were collaborating on music research. Ernetti was an internationally respected scientist, a physicist and philosopher, and also a music lover. Gemelli was President of the Papal Academy. On September 15, 1952, while Gemelli and Ernetti were recording a Gregorian chant, a wire on their magnetophone kept breaking. Exasperated, Father Gemelli looked up and asked his father for help. To the two men's amazement, his father's voice, recorded on the magnetophone, answered, "Of course I shall help you. I'm always with you."

They repeated the experiment, and this time a very clear voice filled with humor said, "But Zucchini, it is clear, don't you know it is I?" Father Gemelli stared at the tape. No one knew the nickname his father had teased

him with when he was a boy. He realized then that he was truly speaking with his father. Though his joy at his father's apparent survival was mixed with fear. Did he have any right to speak with the dead? Eventually the two men visited Pope Pius XII in Rome. Father Gemelli, deeply troubled, told the Pope of the experience. To his surprise the Pope patted his shoulder and said, "Dear Father Gemelli. you really need not worry about this. The existence of this voice is strictly a scientific fact and has nothing whatsoever to do with spiritism. The recorder is totally objective. It receives and records only sound waves from wherever they come. This experiment may perhaps become the cornerstone for a building for scientific studies which will strengthen people's faith in a hereafter." The good father was somewhat reassured. But he made certain that the experiment did not go public until the last years of his life. It wasn't until 1990 that the results were published.

#### 1959

The man who was to become a great pioneer in the recording of voice phenomena, Swedish film producer Friedrich Juergenson, captured voices on audiotape while taping bird songs. He was startled when he played the tape back and heard a male voice say something about "bird voices in the night." Listening more intently to his tapes, he heard his mother's voice say in German, "Friedrich, you are being watched. Friedel, my little Friedel, can you hear me?"

Juergenson said that when he heard his mother's voice, he was convinced, he had made "an important discovery." During the next four years, Juergenson continued to tape hundreds of paranormal voices. He played the tapes at an international press conference and in 1964 published a book in Swedish: Voices from the Universe and then another entitled Radio Contact with the Dead.

#### 1967

Franz Seidel, Vienna, developed the "psycho-

phone". Theodore Rudolph developed a goniometer for Raudive's experiments. Thomas Edison spoke through West German clairvoyant Sigrun Seuterman, in trance, about his earlier efforts in 1928 to develop equipment for recording voices from the beyond. Edison also made suggestions as to how to modify TV sets and tune them to 740 megahertz to get paranormal effects. (Session recorded on tape by Paul Affolter, Liestal, Switzerland).

#### 1967

Juergenson's Radio Contact with the Dead was translated into German, and Latvian psychologist Dr Konstantin Raudive read it skeptically. He visited Juergenson to learn his methodology, decided to experiment on his own, and soon began developing his own experimental techniques. Like Juergenson, Raudive too heard the voice of his own deceased mother, who called him by his boyhood name: "Kostulit, this is your mother." Eventually he catalogued tens of thousands of voices, many under strict laboratory conditions.

#### 1968

Fr Leo Schmid conducted EVP experiments in his small parish in Oeschgen, Switzerland. His results were published in his book, "When the Dead Speak", in 1976, shortly after his death.

#### 1968

Raudive published his book "Unhoerbares wird hoerbar" (The Inaudible Becomes Audible), based on 72,000 voices he recorded.

#### 1971

The chief engineers of Pye Records Ltd. decided to do a controlled experiment with Konstantin Raudive. They invited him to their sound lab and installed special equipment to block out any radio and television signals. They would not allow Raudive to touch any of the equipment.

Raudive used one tape recorder which was monitored by a control tape recorder. All he could do was speak into a microphone. They taped Raudive's voice for eighteen minutes and none of the experimenters heard any

other sounds. But when the scientists played back the tape, to their amazement, they heard over two hundred voices on it.

Experimenting in the electronic voice phenomenon (EVP) became very popular in Europe in the 60's and 70's. Many individuals and groups collected voices over their home tape recorders.

#### 1971

Paul Jones, G.W. Meek and Hans Heckman, Americans, opened a laboratory. First serious research to create a two-way voice communication system far more sophisticated that the equipment used in EVP approach.

#### 1972

Peter Bander, England, wrote Carry on Talking, published in US as Voices From the Tapes: Recordings from the Other World, 1973.

#### 1973

Josephand Michael Lamoreaux, Washington State, had success with recording paranormal voices after reading Raudive's book.
1973, spiritual researchers George and Jeannette Meek met a psychically gifted man, William O'Neil, who could see and hear spirits. The Meeks provided funding and direction for a ground-breaking project of advanced spirit communication, and O'Neil provided the necessary psychic skills and electronics knowhow.

O'Neil recruited several of his spirit friends into the project. One of his invisible colleagues was the spirit of Dr George Jeffries Mueller, a deceased college physics teacher who simply appeared in O'Neil's living room one day as a semi-materialized spirit, and announced that he was there to assist in the project of Meek and O'Neil. It became a rather astonishing collaboration between dimensions: Doc Mueller in spirit helping Bill O'Neil on Earth design a new piece of electromagnetic equipment that would convert spirit voices into audible voices. Appropriately christened Spiricom, the new device was a set of tone generators and frequency generators that emitted 13 tones

spanning the range of the adult male voice.

#### 1974

Death of Konstantin Raudive.

#### 1975

William Addams Welch, Hollywood script writer and playwright, authored Talks With the Dead.

#### 1979

Reports of spirit telephone calls were becoming widespread, and D. Scott Rogo catalogued them in his book, "Telephone Calls from the Dead,".

#### **Fall of 1980**

Spiricom had advanced to the point where Doc Mueller's spirit voice, although quite buzzy, was loud and easily understandable, and Meek and O'Neil soon catalogued more than 20 hours of dialog with their spirit colleague Doc Mueller. These are reported in some detail in the book After We Die, What Then? by George Meek.

In 1982, G. W. Meek made a trip around the world to distribute tape recordings of 16 excerpts of communications between William J. O'Neil and an American scientist who died 14 years earlier. He also distributed a 100-page technical report giving wiring diagrams, photos, technical data and guidelines for research by others.

#### 1980-1981

Manfred Boden (West-Germany) obtains unsolicited computer print-outs from "spirit" communicator's. Before that he claims received telephone calls. Until 1983 he has also unsolicited contacts with communicators of nonhuman evolution.

#### 1982

Sarah Estep started the American Association of Electronic Voice Phenomenon (AAEVP) and quickly assembled a list of hundreds of EVP experimenters to receive her newsletter. Her book, Voices of Eternity, became very popular. In Europe, thousands of people were already following up on the EVP experiments of peo-

ple like Friedrich Juergenson and Konstantin Raudive, and they became very excited and inspired by the news from the States.

#### 1982

Hans Otto Koenig began developing new spirit communication technologies, employing extremely low frequency oscillators, as well as lights in the ultraviolet and infrared range.

#### 1983

Hans Otto Koenig appeared on a popular radio program on Europe's largest radio station, Radio Luxembourg. The host, Rainer Holbe, had Koenig set up his equipment under close supervision of the station engineers. One of the engineers asked if a voice could come through in direct reply to a question, and a voice quickly replied, "We hear your voice. Otto Koenig makes wireless contact with the dead." Stunned, Rainer Holbe addressed the millions of listeners across Europe, "I tell you, dear Listeners of Radio Luxembourg, and I swear by the life of my children, that nothing has been manipulated. There are no tricks. It is a voice, and we do not know from where it comes."

#### 1984-1985

Ken Webster received some 250 spirit messages in his computers from a 16th-Century Englishman named Thomas Harden who was apparently "haunting" Webster's house. Harden claimed that he had owned the same house some four centuries earlier. Harden in spirit was apparently rather stuck in time, referring to Webster's computer as a "light box" and typing a message to Webster onto the screen on one occasion, "What strange words you are speaking, although I must admit that I had only a poor school education myself. You are a good person and you have a fantastic wife. But you live in my house. It was a big crime to steal my home." The many messages from Harden were in Olde English dialect and contained extensive details of Harden's personal life, as well as life of that era, which were later confirmed through research at Oxford Library. Webster's book, The Vertical Plane, documents

those ITC contacts.

#### 1985

Klaus Schreiber began to receive spirit images on his TV set, including the faces of scientist Albert Einstein, Austrian actress Romy Schneider, and various departed family members, especially his two deceased wives and daughter Karin, with whom he was particularly close. His technique, set up by his colleague Martin Wenzel, involved aiming a videocamera at the television and feeding the output of the camera back into the TV, in order to achieve a feedback loop. The result was a churning mist on the screen out of which the spirit faces would slowly form over a period of many frames. Schreiber's spectacular results were the subject of a TV documentary and book by popular radio-television commentator Rainer Holbe in nearby Luxembourg, in 1985.

#### 1985

Maggy Harsch-Fischbach and her husband Jules Harsch of Luxembourg began to get spectacular voice contacts through radio systems early in their experiments in 1985. A highpitched, computer-like voice came through their radios with growing frequency to announce the beginning and end of experiments and to share amazing insights with the couple. The entity producing the voice identified himself (or herself) as an ethereal being who was never human, never animal, and never in a physical body. "I am not energy and I am not a light being. You are familiar with the picture of two children walking across a bridge, and behind them is a being who protects them. That's what I am to you, but without the wings. You can call me Technician, since that is my role in opening up this communication bridge. I am assigned to Planet Earth." The small flat inhabited by the Harsch-Fischbach couple became a place of miracles, as visiting scientists and reporters saw spirit-world images flash across the TV screen and heard long discourses by various deceased personalities through radio sounds. The spirit of Nelson D.

Rockefeller told German physicist Ernst Senkowski, "The Mahatmas are a reality." Nineteenth-Century chemist Henri Ste. Claire de Ville told American and German researchers, "It is our job as well as your job to set fire to minds—to set fire to minds in your world, and in that moment to try to master time." When I visited the couple in 1994, spirit friend Konstantin Raudive told us in English, through the radios, "It can only work when the vibrations of those present are in complete harmony and when their aims and intentions are pure." He then went on to address the five of us individually, with a very personal message for each of us.

#### 1987

Death of Friedrich Juergenson,

#### 1987

Fritz Malkhoff and Adolf Homes began ITC experiments independently, and each began to get spirit voices on tape rather quickly. In a few months, they learned of each other's work, and they became colleagues and friends. During their experiments, small voices on radio quickly developed long, clear voices. Then they began to receive phone calls from their spirit friends,

#### 1988

Death of Klaus Schreiber.

#### 1988

Fritz Malkhoff set up his computer in the house of Adolf Homes, where they did most of their experiments. They posed a short question, and two days later a short answer appeared miraculously on their computer screen. As years passed, Malkhoff received many phone calls from spirit friends, including nature spirits. Homes received spirit images on his television and messages on his computer screen rather routinely. One morning in 1994, Homes climbed out of bed in a trance, aimed a video camera at his television, and received the first color picture from the spirit worlds. It was a picture of deceased EVP pioneer Friedrich Juergenson. At the same

time, a message from Juergenson printed out of Homes's computer, stating, "This is Friedel from Sweden. I am sending you a self-portrait... The projection since January 17, 1991, has been in the quantum of spacelessness and timelessness. All your and our thoughts have their own electromagnetic reality which does not get lost outside the space-time structure... Consciousness creates all form..."

#### 1991

Death of Bill O'Neil.

#### 1995

ITC entered a new phase. I (Mark Macy) worked closely with ITC colleagues on both sides of the Atlantic to plan a meeting among scientists and researchers from different countries. Sixteen of us met in England to discuss this modern-day miracle, its tremendous possibilities for our world, and the obstacles that stood in the way. We formed new friendships, and by the end of a long weekend we

also formed INIT, the International Network for Instrumental Transcommunication. In the coming months, ethereal beings told us they were observing our efforts closely and would provide guidance and support. We began to experience unprecedented miracles in our research. Many of us received phone calls, usually from spirit friend Konstantin Raudive, and the Harsch-Fischbachs received astounding pictures and messages through their computer, all as a result of resonance among INIT members. It was clear that a new phase of ITC research on Earth had begun. Our ethereal friends told us that the greatest strides would be made by individuals from different countries who committed to work together in harmony with pure intentions.

#### 1999

Death of George Meek.





### Kents Equipment Review

## Kent returns with a new article on equipment and how to find what you need.

In my previous article, I mentioned that I was currently a freelance "ghost-hunter", and in this article, I would like to emphasize why I am. A couple of days ago, a fellow "ghosthunter" wrote me about how frustrating it is to see others, that is, or they like to call themselves "ghost-hunters". They have no understanding what the instruments they are using and what it is telling them, or why. This is basically why I am a freelancer, at the current moment. I also find it very frustrating to see other "ghost-hunter's" in the field, using equipment that they have no clue what measurement is displaying and what that correlation means. So, I would like to go a bit deeper into this in this article.

As You already know, there are lots and lots of various types of equipment out there. Some are very cheap, and some are very expensive. I have a saying, "You get what You pay for", but in this case, that's not necessarily true. The key to finding the right equipment for 'Youself', is this:

Budget

What kind of ghost-hunting You prefer (Audio/Video recording, EVP sessions, EMF)

Location of the site
Knowledge of the different varies
of equipment.

As for myself, I like to think I'm pretty versatile. I can do investigations pretty much anywhere, and I would like to think that I have a fair amount of knowledge about pretty much every essential equipment that is out there. I have studied lots of theories about it, so add some logic, and "You are pretty much all set".

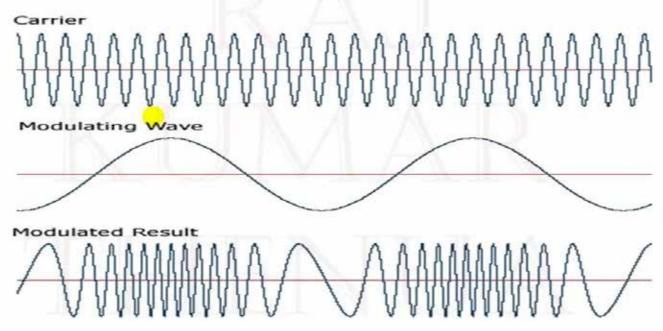
There are considerations that must be met in every location, as they are all different. If it's a private house, the most important thing "You have to keep in mind", is EMF-Contamination. What does this mean? In a private house (and especially if you have door-to-door neighbors), you cannot control what kind of devices your neighbor is using.

So, neighbors can contaminate your readings! This is same for sound. Ideally if you have no neighbors close by then you can be reasonably sure that the probability for contaminations are as low as possible. Then you should be fine.





### Frequency Modulation:



If you are outside, then you have to consider the wind. This can contaminate your Audio recordings, but also Video recordings. If it is rain, snow, or hazy/foggy, then you will have a lot of interference and the video is actually pretty much useless. In that case, the only reason to use video, is to document the session. Both rain and snow can create false positives for orbs.

The good thing about being outside, is that You will have minimal EMF contamination (Did You switch You phone off, or set to flightmode?), and any EMF detection can be considered as an interesting reading. Keep in mind that you must look for power lines and radio towers nearby. In a perfect scenario setting, I think you would have a session in the woods or abandoned/ruined building! Of course, if you are outside and downtown in a city, this will most likely affect your readings, because of mobile phone signals and power cables underground. As well as lots of noise. When it comes to equipment, there are lots of things you have to know in order to use them properly. There are theories and different properties of each and every one of them. I'll present and review what I consider to be vital equipment in order to have a successful "ghost-hunt" and write about them in categories.

EMF (Electro Magnetic Field)

The theory about EMF and ghosts goes way back to the old days. Even before great personalities such as Nicolae Tesla, who also knew that there was something unexplained regarding fluctuations in the EMF. This was first detected by using an ordinary compass in which the needle starts rotating without reason. Imagine you're in the woods, no radio towers or power lines to interfere, and suddenly Your compass goes haywire. "Ha", "You say!" "There are minerals in the ground that affect the compass". Yes, this can be, and this is true! BUT. The fact that the needle is SPIN-NING can only mean that the magnetic field is fluctuating, meaning rotating! Minerals in the ground, if strong enough, emits a STATIC magnetic field. As if you put a magnet in proximity of your compass. What happens? The needle points straight to Your magnet and stays there! It does NOT rotate! This also goes for every mineral, such as metals that are found

in the nature. It does NOT create a fluctuating electromagnetic field! The only natural fluctuating EMF field found in nature, can be caused by a severe solar flare, as this has an effect on the earth's natural magnetic field. However, even these fluctuations are changing too slow for an AC EMF meter to detect. There is one meter that can pick up these slow changing fluctuations and that is the Trifield Natural EM Meter.

Anyway, this is how old timers discovered unexplained EMF. Today, we live in a much more technological and sophisticated world, but the same applies today. Since, we live in a world full of EMF pollution compared to the old days, it is vital to know "Your EMF Meter". As I mentioned before, there are an enormous amount of different EMF Meters out there. I will mention some of the most popular:

The KII Meter

MEL 8704 (This meter comes with lots of extras in different versions, but I'll only present the EMF section of it)

Trifield (Natural EM, 100XE, and

TF2)

#### Meterk MKo8

As many have already described, the EMF meter detects how strong the electromagnetic field is. This is measured in uT (microTesla), or mG (milliGauss). I find the mG, a lot easier and accurate to read, but is a matter of opinion. The conversion formula is: 1uT=10mG. EMF's occur all around us all the time and everywhere. Everything that is powered by electricity in your home, create EMF fields. For example, radio signals (AM, FM, DAB, CB, Mobile phones, Wi-Fi). Everything that completes an electrical circuit, creates an EM field, but the strength differs from appliance to appliance.

So, in order to start an investigation properly, you must establish a baseline reading. Shut off all non-essential electrical things (if you're at a private home), and shut off your



mobile phone. Yes, even Facebook will have to wait! I really prefer to shut the phone completely off because even in-flight mode, the phone generates EM field, and can interfere with your readings. When the baseline is established, remember this point: "If there are differences around the house, try to find the average and keep this in mind". The ideal baseline is omG. If You baseline is 1.4mG, than every reading above this can be interesting. The meters themselves: An EMF meter mostly measures AC Magnetic field (Alternating/fluctuating EM Field). This fluctuation or frequency is measured in Hertz (Hz). The main power in your house has 50 or 60Hz. Why is this important to know? Because this may affect your EM Meter! One key thing to know: Lots of meters filters out these frequencies and is not affected by the power in Your house! Every EM meter has its own range of frequency it can detect, and the range for the meters listed above. The range is:

> The KII; 20-20000Hz MEL 8704; 30-300Hz

Trifield: This comes in 3 different models. The Natural EM meter, which is measuring DC (Static magnetic field) and is not affected by fluctuations! The 100XE; 40-100000 Hz (detects only rapid changes in EM field). The TF2; as 100XE.

Meterk MKo8; 30-300HZ

As You can see, what stands out in theese meters, is that there are 2 Wide-Band Meters (The K2 and Trifield), and 2 Narrow-Band meters (The MEL 8704, and Meterk MK08). Why does this matter? Most importantly the wide-band meters are likely to give you a measurement, but this is also more likely to be a completely natural EM field that is manmade. The Narrow-Band Meters will not show lots of readings, but this can also mean that the chances for the reading to be manmade, is less. What all of these have in common, is that they don't tell you what frequency Your reading has, and to my knowledge there is only one meter that does that, and that is the High-End:



Aaronia Spectran NF-3020
This is a serious "ghost-hunter's" dream! But being the Ferrari of EM Meters, it also the costliest! However, to use this meter, you really have to possess proper knowledge and understanding in order to use and read it correctly. Otherwise, you are flushing your money down the toilet, so before even thinking purchasing this meter, be sure how to use it!

Another property that all EMF Meters have, is the internal EM receptor. This is what actually captures the EM field and is sent to different filters and circuits to be further processed. All the meters above use coils to capture EMF, except the KII Meter as this uses a chip and does not feature the following. A Meter can be single-axed; This means that it only detects in one direction (Side to side, up and down, or forward or backward), or they can be 3-axed which of course means that every direction simultaneously. A 3-axis meter is always preferred because it doesn't matter which direction you hold your meter. Of the meters above, the Trifield meters and Spectran and 3-axis and the Mel and Meterk are single axis. Some meters also feature datalogging such as the Tenmars TM-192D. This is guite handy, but this may put your meter to a stationary logging meter and not to use as hand held because, especially if you're recording for several hours. This is may be difficult to pinpoint where you were at a special time in the log. Anyway, these meters can be connected to your computer for review.

EVP (Electronic Voice Phenomenα)

As the presence of natural EMF has been with us since the age of time, EVPs are a fairly newly discovered phenomenon. It was made significant by a Latvian named Konstantin Raudive (1909-1974). He and a German Parapsychologist named Hans Bender researched this phenomenon in the late



half of the 60's, and published a book called "Breakthrough" or "Unhörbares wird hörbar" in German. I haven't read the book myself, but I assume it has similarities to my own experience.

So, what is EVP? It's a simple phenomenon. In reviewing recorded voices on tape, you discover voices not present when the recording took place. It can be a voice, sentence, sound that no one actually said, and didn't belong to anyone present at the time of recording.

Today there are two methods to use in order to try to capture EVP's:

Microphone recording Radio recording

Back in the old days, it was in addition to our ordinary radio, crystal radios that was used for the source in the recordings, and since this technology today is obsolete, and very similar to an ordinary radio, I will not describe this method in detail, but rather describe it as an

ordinary radio.

Let me first dig in to the microphone method. At the time when Konstantin Raudive published his book, the only technology he had available that was the most likely recording device to capture EVP's, was a magnetic reel-tape recorder. Yes, there was other recording devices available to him, such as turntables, but I imagine that this recorder was rather expensive for an ordinary man and did not have a studio. Last, but most important: It records sound completely different than a tape recorder! The tape is using magnetism to record sound, and here lies the first tip for what kind of recorder you should use. IF the spirits don't manipulate the microphone itself, I suspect that they actually can manipulate the tape! Or at least have a good chance of doing so!

The second tip is the microphone: Not many are actually aware that there are mainly two different kinds of microphones that is used by paranormal investigators, which one is suitable for EVP recordings and the other is not.

-Inductive/dynamic microphones:

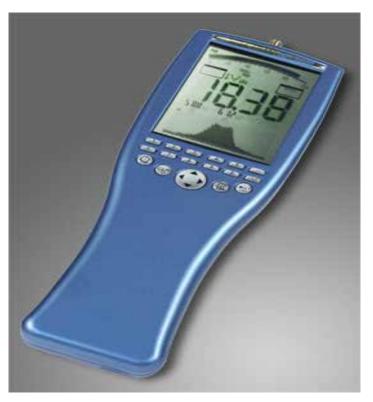
You can think of these microphones as loud-speakers connected in reverse and much, much smaller. They have a coil attached to a membrane that moves according to the sound. The coil is placed in a magnetic housing and when a coil moves inside a magnetic field, it generates electric current that is amplified. I think that although the coil is inside a tiny magnetic field (that is a static magnetic field), the spirits have the ability to manipulate the coil to generate a tiny current using their own energy that is again amplified and recorded.

-Cαpαcitive/Condenser (Electret) microphones:

These microphones utilize a electrostatic charged material that has its own charge or an external power. When this material moves according to sound, the charge within the

material changes (like a variable capacitor) and these changes in the electric discharges is then amplified and recorded. If spirits use their energy (electromagnetic) to manipulate microphones and then create EVP, this type of microphone will not work to record EVPs due to the very design of the microphone. A magnetic field that we assume is a spirit's energy will not change the charge of the electrostatic material! But since these microphones and recorders nearly don't produce any noise at all, it makes them perfect to have a sound reference to the actual sound we hear. This can then be compared to other sound sources and checked for differences. But this recorder will always record what we hear!

So, what's the conclusions? The EVP recorder that have the highest probability to record EVP, is actually an old tape recorder like a recording Walkman or a Dictaphone. Even reel-based recording equipment. These may be hard to come by, but not impossible. Today's recording equipment are mostly digital recorders, and of course uses no magnetic storage media. This means that if you use them, be sure that the internal microphone is a dynamic one or buy an external one. Using



an external microphone on the old equipment is also a good idea as you eliminate the mechanical sound produced by the recorder itself.

The second method to record EVPs, is to simply turn on a radio without tuning into a radio station. This will of course result in white noise from the speakers, but the theory is that spirits can manipulate the white noise in order to form a word, phrase or sentence. The same principal goes for TV's as well. The thing about this method is that because the way our brain works, it automatically tries to sort out a pattern even though there's not one actually there. This is what we call matrixing, and I have seen many, many examples of this, and not just regarding to radio recordings or tv recordings containing white noise. Matrixing is also relevant for those who actually tries to find a "face" inside an "orb" on photos! I will describe this scenario in a later article, but back to EVPs. If you have watched or listened to white noise for an extended period of time, you may start to think that you may have caught something but in fact you haven't. So, I strongly recommend that you record this and play it back bit by bit. If you feel tired and think you may have caught an EVP, write down the time elapsed, and take a break. Review again when you have cleared vour head.

The radio has also its own different band and bandwidth, and there are tons of different radios out there. I will in this article concentrate on the ordinary AM/FM radio. The AM band is divided in three sub-bands: Long wave, Medium wave, and Short wave. The reason why it is called this, is because of the wavelength of the signal, meaning the shorter wavelength, the higher frequency and so the longer wavelength, the lower frequency.

Long Wave: In Europe, Africa and largely Asia, the LW frequency band ranges from 148.5 and 283.5 kHz. In America, I think

that all frequencies below 525 kHz, is considered long wave.

Medium wαve: Europe; 526.5-1606.5 kHz. USA; 525-1705 kHz.

Short Wave: 2.3-26.1 MHz.

A little cool note to the Short-Wave Band is that the signal is prone to reflect in ionosphere and so the signal can actually travel worldwide. I'm sure that if You have tuned in to a SW band station, You very often hear foreign languages. The buildup of the AM signal is pretty easy to understand. AM stands for Amplitude Modulation. This means that the sound that is to be broadcast (news, weather report, music and so on and so forth) is modified with a carrier wave as where the sound modifies the amplitude of the carrier wave. When you tune in a radio station, you always tune in the carrier wave, and not the sound of the station. When the radio receives an active station, it filters away the carrier wave and plays the broadcast sound.

The FM Band is ranging according to where in the world You are:

Europe, Australia, and Africa: 87.5-108 MHz

America: 88-108 MHz Japan: 76-95 Mhz.

The FM band for the different region has its own station plan. That means that you won't be able to use your radio to receive radio stations outside Your own region. That is actually a good thing, because then you can eliminate sounds from radio stations as a possible EVP. In Norway, the only stations that uses the FM band, is the local broadcasters. Region broadcasters has stopped due to the transition to DAB and DAB+. But rest to assure, there are plenty of local broadcasters..

The FM signal is a bit more sophisticated modulated than the AM signal. FM stands for Frequency Modulation, and as the name states, the broadcasted sound modifies the frequency of the carrier wave. The amplitude of the carrier signal remains unchanged.

The way the radio filters away the carrier wave in FM is also more sophisticated than am, and the signal is more processed than the AM signal. "Why does I talk about this? Why do I need to know this", You, might wonder? Well, this is because of the process of getting a sound output from your speaker. I'm only speculating, but because of this process, I think the AM bands are more likely to have genuine EVP's because of the simple demodulation process, but since the characteristics of the AM signal is that it's travelling long distances, there are is a high probability to encounter false positives. In FM, I worry that the actual genuine EVP can get lost in the demodulation process. But because of the travel length of this signal, you are not as vulnerable to false positives.

I'll wrap this article up for now, and next for next time, I will continue with more equipment and theories.

Meanwhile Happy Ghost hunting!



# 















Silver Bullet is a fun cheesy cult classic film that was released on October 11, 1985 in the US. This is a film adaptation from Stephen
King's short story "Cycle of
the Werewolf". Which started
out as a calendar illustrated
by Bernie Wrightson and
sketch stories done by King.
It was later developed as a
short novel with illustrations.
Stephen King is no stranger
to the depths of horror. His
work includes but not limited
to Misery, The Shining, Cujo,
It and Creepshow. Stephen
King also did the screenplay

for the film. Directed by Dan Attias (Walking Dead, Americans, True Blood) and starring Corey Haim (Lost Boys, License to Drive) Megan Follows (Anne of Green Gables) Gary Busey (Point Break, Lethal Weapon) and Everett McGill (Twin Peaks, Heartbreak Ridge). Megan Follows plays Jane Coslaw sister of our main character Marty who is paralyzed, played by Corey Haim. She is the narrator of our little horror story. It's a story of a small town that is being terrorized by a rabid werewolf. Gary Busey is the fun and loving dead beat Uncle Red, who comes to visit and presents Marty with a supped up motorized

Bullet".

Marty sneaks out at night to shoot off some fireworks off of a bridge. He is met and attacked by a werewolf.

Marty luckily shoots a rocket into the creature's eye and narrowly escapes. Marty convinces his sister Jane

wheelchair dubbed "Silver



that he was attacked by a werewolf. Jane goes into their small town to see if she can identify who has an injured eye. Once she identifies the person responsible for all of the killings. It's up to Marty & Jane to convince Uncle Red to help them.

This is definitely a fun horror film with that coming of age feel towards it. You can feel that genuine brother/sister bond between Marty and Jane. Uncle Red (Gary Busey) is that one fun, wild, yet embarrassing family member that every family has. Director Attias was able to take Stephen King's vision to the next horizon. The chemistry between Marty, Jane & Uncle Red was spot on and believable.

This movie was made in the height of horror the 80's. The special effects and creature prosthetics are well done. These are literally practical effects way before CGI was an option. Silver Bullet could still stand on its two hind end legs in today's werewolf

movies.
With there being no shortage of amazing horror films involving werewolves (Dog Soldiers, Wolf Man, Underworld, Howling, American Werewolf in

London, Wolf). This is a childhood favorite of mine, you won't be disappointed. Be prepared for a fun yet scary adventure with Silver Bullet.







We are a group of professional paranormal investigators based in Queensland Australia. We cover a large area from Brisbane to Toowoomba and across to Boonah. We specialize in private investigations and we are now starting to branch out in to doing tours. We have a variety of team members ranging from equipment techs to empaths and a psychic medium. We have conducted many investigations at some of Queensland's most haunted locations such as, 88 Limestone Street Ipswich and the Australian Hotel Boonah. We have managed to catch a lot of amazing evidence at these locations ranging from EVP'S to apparitions.

Our team is a non for profit organization and any funds we make are donated back to the locations as we simply do this for our love of the Paranormal. The team was founded by Dwayne Simpson in 2018 and started with a team of just Dwayne, his wife Melissa and his sister Tanya, Kristie and Tina. Today we have a full team of eight including Debbie our psychic medium and our equipment guys Troy and David. We have also been fortunate enough to have formed a fantastic network of paranormal teams in our area and at times we are asked to help with private investigations around the area. We have had some fantastic things go on at some of our private investigations such as a chair moving and loud footsteps running across the ground in front of us. We also run a Facebook page (Pariah Paranormal) which contains most of our content and evidence from our paranormal investigations.



# CA MIRARAGON

WELCOME TO THE 2019 MICHIGAN PARACON

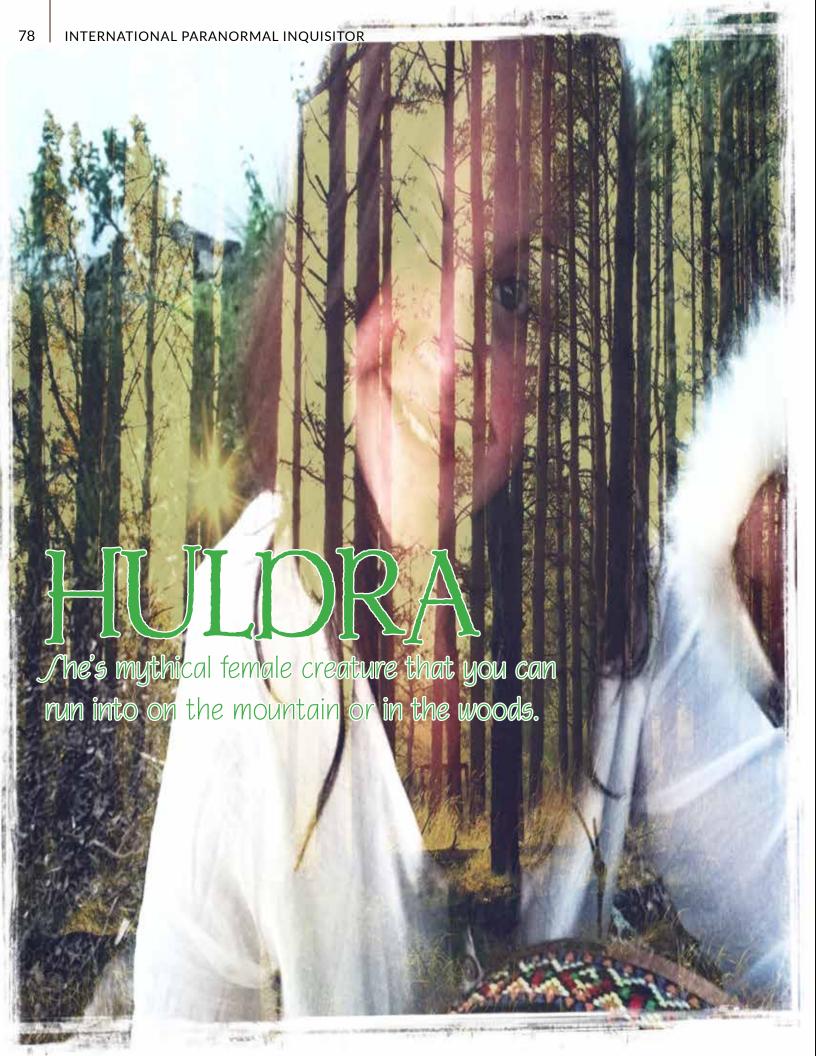


AMY BRUNI and ADAM BERRY

August 22nd~24th, Kewadin Casino & Convention Center Sault Ste. Marie, Michigan www.MiParacon.com

Hosted by the Upper Peninsula Paranormal Research Society

MIPARAGON



Before we delve into our next article, let's cover an important point for this article to avoid any confusion. When learning some of these mythical creatures from this region we run into a few issues. First, you will often see it listed as 'Scandinavian Folklore', then you will also see it as 'Nordic Folklore', then finally you might see it listed as 'Norse Folklore', Our first thought is that it is all the same except for a tittle. Nothing could be further from the truth. The term 'Scandinavia' is used to encompass Denmark, Norway and Sweden. Then we have the term the 'Nordic' which is used for Denmark, Norway, Sweden, Finland, and Iceland. That will also include the territories of Greenland, the Faroe Islands, and the Aland Islands. Then the term 'Norse' can be used to describe the North Germanic people of Scandinavia. So, why is this important to know? The mythical creatures and tales are pretty similar but will contain variations in descriptions and stories.

The Norwegian 'Huldra' (meaning "covered," "hidden," or "secret"), is a type of Wood Nymph. A nymph "in Greek mythology is a supernatural being associated with many other minor female deities that are often associated with the air, seas or water, or any particular locations or land-



forms". So, in this case a Wood Nymph is one that you would find in a forest. Nymphs are more generally regarded as spirits who maintain the environments where they are located. They are usually depicted beautiful, young ladies. As you can imagine, it is a challenge to try and describe and characterize a Mythical creature from Norse Folklore. Differences in regional loca-

tions and time periods make it quite difficult to give clear descriptions. In our current time period Huldra is portrayed as a young woman, with thick golden hair and a cow's tail. This is an image that Norwegian artists adopted and started to render and use in drawings during the 1800's. Prior to the 1800's we find several different descriptions, depending on which

location we look in. She might have a cow tail or ponytail, sometimes she has the ears of a wild cat. She is also said to have a rotten stump for a back.

Huldra, is always described as a mythical beautiful female creature, that you can run into in the mountains or in the woods. From the front she is described as stunningly beautiful, sometimes naked woman with long hair. In Norway, she is described as a typical dairymaid wearing the clothes of a regular farm girl, but still more beautiful than most of the girls.

From the rear, she is said to be very ugly due to her hollow bark back. In other tales she might have a cow's tail or that of a fox. Most tales suggest that she has difficulty in concealing her tale. The tail is very import in this story as it is said if the human see's her back or tail, then the spell is broken. Once, the spell is broken the human is no longer enchanted to the advances from her.

Now, that we have an idea what Huldra looks like, we ask ourselves what is her purpose? Is she evil? Should we be terrified of running into Huldra in the forest? In examining many different fairytales, we run into varying opinions on whether she appears to us for good or bad encounters. She has been



said to cause accidents, but at the same time she has been known to help and comfort those in need. As in most humans, it seems that the way you treat her, will be the way she responds to you. The Huldra was known to help those who burned wood to make charcoal, in the old days. It was said she watched the kilns while they slept. The men knew that she would wake them if any issues arose. The men would leave food and other things for her. in thanks for the assistance. It has been told in tales, that Huldra with her enchanting beauty can lure and captivate men. She has been said to do this in the hopes of kidnapping the men and taking them back to her dwelling in the mountain walls or under-

neath the ground. In which she makes them slaves, or her lover. Other stories state she seduces the males, and if they cannot satisfy her, then she kills them. Those that do. she rewards them. Although the Norwegian tales are not this harsh. One thing is certain and consistent in all the tales. If the men escape or if they are released, they will always be tempted to return. In some of the fairytales, she is capable of and does occasionally marry humans. It is said that once married. Huldra becomes human, and could turn very old and ugly. In some other tales, she retains her magic and appears normal. The story seems to change upon the arrival of Christianity to the Scandinavian countries. The story

morphed into the Huldra having to be married in a church. then her tail will fall off. In 'Norse Folklore' Huldra has been known to steal children or swap out her ugly and hideous children for human habies These children were known by the name "byttinger", which is a Norwegian name meaning "Changelings". Back in time, a common thing people would say was that the disabled, sick and children with uncurable diseases where traded by the Huldra or other mythical creatures.

#### The Creation

The creation story of the Hulder people begins back in time, when God decided to walk among his creations on Earth, God had decided to visit a particular wife because he wanted to see all her children. The wife decided only to show him the pretty and clean children that she had wash and dressed up. The remaining children she decided to hide away from God. God was so angered by this deception that he decreed that the children she had hidden, would remain hidden for eternity. This is how the Hulder people arrived at their name "underground dwellers".

Since, the Scandinavian people are considered North Germanic, we look into Germany for their take on the Hulder people. In Germany this fairvtale can be found in Grimm's Fairytales, titled "Eve's Unequal Children" which is an explanation is about social differences rather than the underground people.

Since, the story is similar to the Norse story, I would share it.

In this fairytale it is said that an angel told Eve that God would be conducting a house inspection. Plus, he wanted to see all her children. She

One day a' lumber merchants came to the town, and seeing this fine tree, offered two hundred silver dollars to the owner. The old villager who owned it called Lars Henjum, said the merchant might have the tree if he could find any one brave enough to cut it down. The merchant laughed scornfully, and assured the awe struck villagers that he was not afraid, and he would like to see the men who could keep him from doing just as he pleased. Borrowing an axe, he advanced boldly towards the try and gave it a mighty stroke. At that moment an unearthly shriek of laughter was heard from the branches overhead, and the villagers were overcome with terror when they saw Huldra vanishing amid the shadows, as the huge trunk fell on the merchant's head, killing him instantly. Huldra had heard all, and she was avenged. Since that time there has been ill luck in the family of Lars Henjum.

cleaned and straightened the house up immaculately. She then cleaned and dressed all the beautiful children, while she hid away the ones that where ugly.

God saw the beautiful children and commanded that they will become emperors,



counts, merchants and citizens. Since, Eve was a very kind and gracious woman, she decided to also show him the ugly ones. God then stated that they should be peasants, fishermen, blacksmiths and so on.

"Why don't' you bless them all the same", Eve asked.
God's answer was, "that not all could be emperors and king, who would then grow grains and bake breads".

## Biblical stories - Lilith and her children

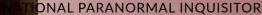
In turning to the Holy Bible, we look at the first two chapters of the "Book of Genesis". In Genesis 1:27, "So God created humankind in his image, in the image of God he created them; male and female he created them" In Genesis 2:7, 21–22, "Then the Lord God formed man from the dust of the ground, and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life; and the man became a living being.... So the Lord God caused a deep sleep to fall upon the man, and he slept: then he took one of his ribs and closed up its place with flesh. And the rib that the Lord God had taken from the man he made into a woman and brought her to the man" Since it is written like this, in a literal interpretation it appears God made the woman twice. Many people have has

been wondering about this throughout the ages. Even some Jewish scholars of the past have claimed that Genesis 1:27 and Genesis 2:21-22 are describing two different events. Their reasoning as many others is, it appears that woman is created differently in two different accounts. One, explanation that many have offered is that the first woman God created was Lilith, and not Eve as many claim. It seems that Lilith was Adams equal and very strong willed. Lilith did not want to be subservient to Adam. This caused God great concern as he knew God that this would become a problem. So, God

acted quickly to put a stop to this. God decided to make Lilith and her children invisible and banished them to them to the underworld. Now Adam was once again alone and without a wife. God had decided to make Adam another wife. This was when Eve was created from Adams rib bone and the pecking order was complete.

In this interpretation of story, we see that Lilith and her children were made outcasts prior to the "Fall of Man", which is described in Genesis Chapter 3. So, in examining this very statement, is it safe to conclude that Lilith and descendants like "Huldra" are







actually sin free like many of the angels. In many legends it seems that many people imagine it to be just like that. But this contradicts to many different theologies, including Lutherism. During the 1600's it was common to tell stories about all mythical creatures and describe them as devils. It seems that whenever a story was told, of how "Huldra" or any other mythical creatures was helpful, the priests retaliated by stating it meant that the devil was devious and cunning. That this was his way to easily overpower humans this way. So, my view of the matter.

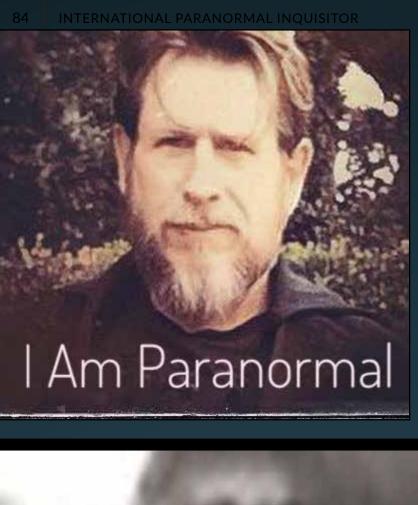
Ever since I was a little airl. I have been told of all these fairytales or great urban

legends about the mythical creatures here in Norway. "Huldra" was always my favorite creature. One reason was that I was a nature child that loved spending my time outdoors in the woods or on mountain tops. I often imagined this creature in my mind. running barefoot through the woods, with her cow tail and her long blonde braided hair. The elder people told us children, about how the shepherds back in the day were usually young women or girls. The reason for this was would be to keep the young men safe from the devious wood nymph. If the shepherd was a man, he life would be at risk, as Huldra would be able to seduce him and take him

back to her world where he would never be seen again. Huldra loves animals and would often sleeping in the cowsheds along with the cows, where she would blend in perfect disguise with her cow tail. Our parents and grand-parents often told us these legends to scare us and to make us listen to them, and to avoid us being put to harm unnecessarily. It could be based on how they disliked us staying out to late at night or being too close to the lake, with the risk felling in. So, they would tell us scary stories about the scary "Nickerman" that lived deep down in the water and that would jump up and catch us if we walked to close to it. Ironically, they could easily be compared to the priests that used to warn the people about the mythical creatures, just to keep their flock in check.

I have often wondered if there is something to all these urban legends and if our elders told us the truth about their encounters with mythical creatures like our Norwegian wood nymph.

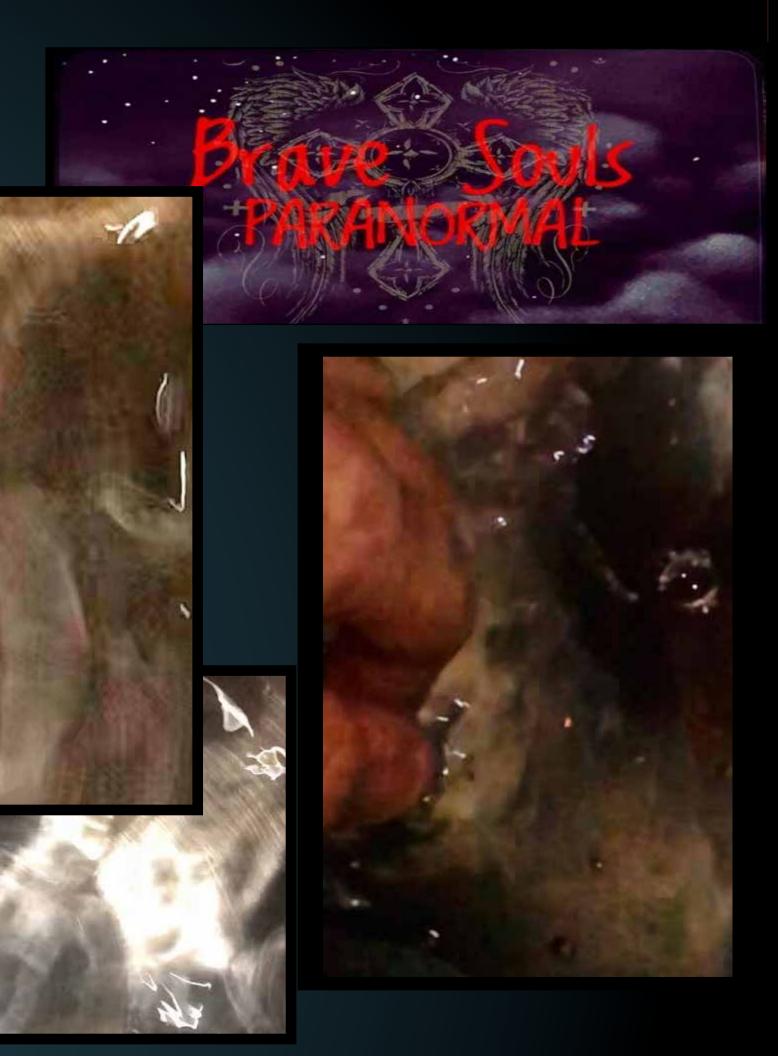
One can never stop wondering and I can still envision it, every time I walk deep in our Norwegian woods - the beautiful blonde, with her long golden blonde hair and her cow tail, as she is running amongst the fir trees.



Philip R. Wyatt is currently out on an extended case. He did however, want us to share some photos of his experiments in Water ITC. Please study carefully and let him know what you see on his Facebook page at Brave Souls Paranormal or his YouTube page at Philip R. Wyatt, Lifting the Veil, Spirit Com-

munication





## Remember I.P.I Ex. from our January edition? The newest TAPS members from Italy share their investigation

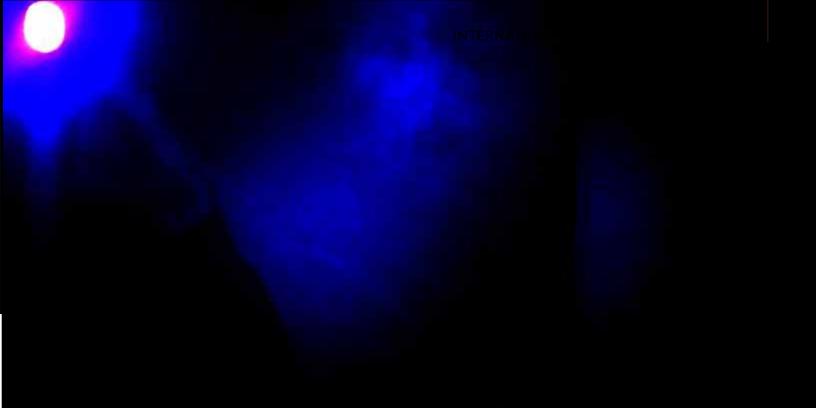
Those who follow the investigations of my team, often ask me to investigate Matera. It happens even more often during events, conferences or even casual meetings with curious people. I must admit that for me to open-up, on this particular case is very difficult. This meeting has marked and will forever mark my life. It was not chosen or even wanted. Just maybe writing everything down that occured in those days will be eαsier.

January 2015, a night like all the nights of that period. Back when time was on my side, and I was dedicating myself to social media. I remember that I was connected to Facebook back then. I remember that I was responding to many messages, and at the same time I was also doing an audio analysis of a survey

that my team and I had done a few weeks before. I also remember that I was quite annoved by the fact that after two hours of audio tracks, there was no anomalies. Talking to all the followers calmed me, by rebalancing my mood. I decided to take a break; I left the PC in standby with all the programs open in the browser. So, I decided to go down to the living room to smoke a cigarette in front of the fireplace. I remember feeling that it was very cold. As soon as I had returned. I had realized that for the audio analysis about two minutes were remaining. at which point I finished it. There was no relevant or very dark data, so I decided to go to sleep. As soon as I closed the program, I noticed a notification. It was not in my private personal messages, but just

in the messages of the Italian Paranormal Investigation page. I wasn't sure whether to read it, as I was very tired. My thoughts were that if it was something challenging, I would certainly not have pulled back in speaking, as I craved sleep.

Against my better judgement I decided to open the message. It was very long, but two words immediately struck me, "please, help". This message was from a lady that bewildered and could not understand certain situations that happened inside her house. She had stated in her message that she could hear footsteps in the house in the middle of the night constantly, forceful knocking on the walls and that her refrigerator, washing machine and boiler had sustained electrical damage. She was very worried but more so



for her twelve-year-old son. I initially did not think of a ghost but was trying to find natural occurring reasons that would explain all this. I find that balance and rationality is fundamental for an occult/paranormal investigator. My first action was to try and calm her down, before proceeding. Then I began to analyze the case in a cool and calm fashion from the details that had been she had provided me.

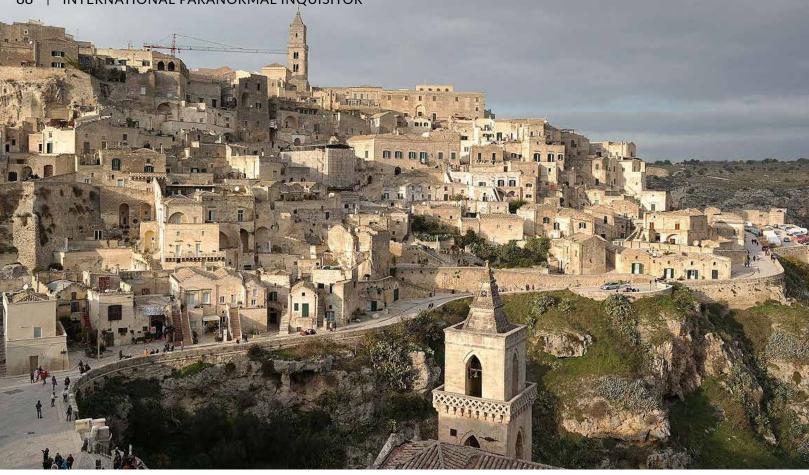
I still had not considered conducting a real investigation for several factors. One, would be certainly the distance. I was located in the vicinity of Rome, and the place where I would have to travel to and investigate was in Basilicata, which was too far I thought. Second, at that time the team did not have such a rosy relationship between the mem-

bers themselves. So, I already knew that no one would support me, nor accompany me in the investigation. With all these factors, I decided to take time some time to think. About a month has elapsed. I felt for the victim of this situation and I thought of her every day. I began to feel that something was terribly wrong with her, but with all the clues that she had relayed to me, I could not understand. I began to focus on the possibility that an entity could be infesting the house. I still had no idea what kind of spirit it could be. I was struck with a thought, that changed everything. I had thought back to a success case that had back in October of the previous year. In that case, I had asked him, the client: "Did you visit any particular place that caused some strange sensation?", With that

question recollected, I decided to ask her. The lady visualized my message but did not answer.

Sometime had elapsed before she finally responded, which had felt like hours. I had received a video clip, made by her in the company of her friends on a Sunday walk in the countryside. The video just portrayed them joking and laughing and having a very innocent moment among friends. The video was shot in a very old and abandoned farmhouse. After watching the video, I did not find anything special or concerning. I then decided to give it α try at removing the audio track from the video itself. Once, I did this I began to enhance the audio and amplify it to the maximum and to concentrate on trying to locate any anomalies. Once I insolated the





audio from everything else, I detected something!

Between the jokes and casual conversations of the women and her friends, I detected a voice. It was a somber voice, very powerful and rather ghostly. I immediately recognized that it was an incorporeal voice, and it seemed to want to interact at any cost. So much so that it was felt by one of the women in the video, as said she stated she had heard something, but she was ignored by the others and let it go.

In the following days I continued my analysis, to give to this lady an initial prospect of this entity. I found all the parts in which the same entity communicated. Mostly

I could only understand that it was a man as the, but the voice was incomprehensible. The tone was full of hatred, and the only thing that could be understood was the constant call of the lady who contacted me for the investigation.

Although I had some interesting material, I still could not draw a concrete profile of this entity, or what it wanted. The oppression the lady relayed to me, did not direct me towards it being evil (I do not let the clients influence me towards their view point). I remained impartial and quiet, as I finally accepted the case. That very same evening, I purchased a train ticket for the following week.

I decided not to contact anyone and chose to leave alone for Matera. I left the station of Roma Termini just before lunch to reach my destination in late afternoon. The trip turned out to be a very special six hours. Although I did read a few pages of a book, the remainder of the time was that of me having various thoughts and reasoning. I remember my mind being over burdened with hundreds of questions filling my mind. I had decided to shut my brain down and focus on the outside landscape. The landscape was very soothing and tranguil as it changed from region to region. I remember that for a long time the snow was predominant, then there

was the sun, then the rain. I watched fascinated as the climate change so fast, and really appreciating every little peculiarity of landscapes that I had never scrutinized before. This distracted me slightly and I relaxed to the right place to prepare myself for the evening investigation. I arrived in Matera at the perfect time, the station was completely deserted. I remember noticing it was much colder than back in Rome. I looked around and saw that not even the lady who had contacted me for the case had arrived. I called her and she told me that she had a problem as her car would not start, but not to worry as she would be there. After about a half hour had elapsed that I saw her finally arrive. Then we took off and together we headed towards the house. During the journey from the station to the house, I saw a person who was very experienced, dark and distraught. It was not a long drive to the house as we reached it very quickly. Upon my arrival, and first sight of the house, I did not notice anything special. The neighborhood was very populated, and normal looking structures. Nothing foreboding or ominous. However, I did notice something quite odd, the silence. I had grown accustomed to the sounds and chaos of Rome, that I

could not explain this tranquility that I was experiencing. Once we entered the house, the lady immediately tried to put me at ease by preparing a good cup of coffee.

After some phases of study and conversation. I decided to start some sessions with the voice recorder. This lasted for approximately two hours. I repeatedly tried over and over to turn towards something or someone. I did not know who or what it was. I however did not receive any answers. The feelings I was having were very strange, it was an apparent calm that seemed never to be interrupted. Given the lack of any results, I suggested to the woman to escort me to the abandoned house. This in my opinion, I figure could find some clues.

I chose to leave the infrared camera and a voice recorder running in the house, while we journeyed out to the abandoned house. Of course, if there was any kind of presence in that house at the time of our departure, then it would not have waited to long to give a concrete signal of its presence.

When we left the house, it was approximately 11.30. It took almost an hour to reach the abandoned house. Once we arrived at the location, we decide to park a few hundred meters from it. I cannot deny

that the exterior appearance of the structure was very dark and obscure, giving it that kind of horror film look to it.

We immediately entered the decrepit looking house. We had crossed a large garden in an evident state of abandonment, with the grass being very high. I remember having to use the ultraviolet torch to orient myself in our trek. I noticed that on both sides of the house, there were very large arched windows. I thought that I saw a figure watching me, from one of them. I did not say anything to her as not intimidate or frighten the lady. Especially after the fact she had kindly accompanied me, despite her fear. Plus, as I believe a good researcher should never be influenced by something, he "thinks he has seen". Certainty is the only evidence you really need when doing investigations.

The entrance to the farm-house was rather ghostly looking. A gigantic door made of solid wood, blocked by vegetation. It gave the image of wanting to trap the negativity that the place itself emanated. As soon as I opened the door to the house, I smelled an almost rotten smell. I decided to tell the lady to wait outside, but she did not want to listen to me. I think she was more afraid of remaining outside in the

external darkness, rather than following me inside the house.

Upon entering, I decided to deploy a second camera complete, a voice recorder and the infamous KII (electromagnetic field detector). I began to look around, that's when I my attention was drawn to several doors. By the doors there was a large staircase to my right. Something told me that on the top floor I would find the answers I was looking for. As I began to get closer to the staircase, I noticed it was very cold. I decided to climb up the ramp as I did the frost increased with every step I took. At this time, the KII began to alarm and light up.

At this moment, I began to ask very direct questions that immediately was answered. The KII was being activated on command by this entity. The entity seemed to approach and moved away at various times, almost seeming to be toying with me. I began to feel restless and tired of this game. That is when I got so angry that I threatened this entity and just lost my composure. My rule is never to lose control of the investigation, and I completely lost control of the investigation.

I took a deep breath and tried to gather my composure. I told the entity "You have to stop immediately! This is not fair! It is not fair that this family has to endure all this and be tormented in this way". I had a gnawing feeling in my gut that I could not shake. that feeling was that the connection between the entity that I was interacting with and that of what is located at the house was the same. Three hours had passed quickly, and I found it more difficult to leave the house with each passing moment. However, I realized that I had to call it a night and leave. I sternly insisted to the entity, "do not to follow us and stay where you are. Respect the wishes of the lady". At this moment we began to depart, and I stayed facing the entity, as she faced the exit. I would take a step backwards, and she would take one forward. We slowly continued this way until we managed to descend the stairs.

During our exit, The KII was going crazy. With every light and alarm the lady gripped my arm tighter and tighter. I knew we had over stayed our welcome, if we ever were welcomed by the entity. I knew what was happening was way too much, I knew we had to leave without getting rid of the entity. I turned to the lady and said, "we have to leave immediately". I understood that the situation could and probably could get worse, so for the sake of the client, I decided at this decision. We went down the remaining stairs together and quickly went

through the exit door. In recalling this, I still shudder at this moment which I remember very clearly. I felt and soon realized that the entity was following us. The entity had heeded my request not to follow us. It was right behind us the whole way. In order to keep the client, calm I told her, "do not to turn around and walk quickly". As we departed, I remember seeing my equipment still lit up in the center of the garden. I realized I had made a mistake in turning around to look at my equipment. I did not physically see anything, but the sound I heard, one that struck terror into me and I will never forget. The sound was a deep and terrifying very audible growl. The growl was such, that even my recorder captured it at that precise moment. The client heard it and began to tremble. As she trembled, she began to pray. The fear struck her so much that she began to freeze. At this point I knew if we were to get out quickly, I was going to have to help her. So, at this point I dragged her to the outside of the large garden and took the keys to her car. I reassured her by saying "we're out, we're out! It's all over".

The last few meters to the car, we traveled with great difficulty. They seemed endless and unending. I navigated the last few meters in total shock

at what had just occurred, but I tried to maintain an outward appearance of calmness to reassure the client she was safe. Once, we made it to the car, we quickly jumped in. I inserted the key to start and attempted to start the engine, but nothing! I could not believe the car was not starting. I decided for a second attempt. The car roared to life and I breathed a sigh of relief. We quickly drove out of the area, and I took the main road. I began to wonder but if it was really over, or is this just the beginning? After driving approximately ten kilometers, I began to relax and acquire some tranquility. I then began to contemplate about what had just happened. The drive was going smooth and the car was at a moderate speed, moving right along. Then without warning

the car suddenly lost power! Within a few moments the car deaccelerated, and we were coming to a stop. I knew this was going to cause the client to panic, so I decided to say, "it's a car that can break". Before I could utter those words of reassurance, all the interior lights, car lights, car radio, main panel and external lights began to flash. This was the client's breaking point and she began to scream! At this point, I did not know what to do. I began to get worried as I listened to her scream, when everything stopped as quickly as it began. I decided to attempt to start the car. As, I turned the ignition key, the car started right up, and I slammed my foot on the gas pedal. As the car tires screeched and we began to move, something caught my eye. I saw a large silhouette cross the road from right to left, that appeared to be watching us. I began to wonder if my imagination was pulling some bad joke on me, or was I really seeing this. I decided for the sake of the client to remain silent. However, the frightened client, says, "Did you see it too?" I nodded in much discomfort.

Twenty minutes, such a relative short time normally, is what separated us from the inhabited center of town. However, in this moment it seemed to me, that it was an eternity. However, after what we had been through it was perfectly justifiable. As we were driving in complete silence, I saw a bar and decided to stop for a drink, so we both could calm down.

Upon entering, we met a couple of friends of the client. They already were apprised

of what was going on with her situation. As we began to discuss the events, they relayed to me something more facts about that location. They began to tell us that in the 1600's a very famous Duke lived in that house. He was well known for his works of art. He created beautiful sculptures that seemed to be almost human like. The story continued that at the time there were numerous losses of children in the area. Now, the interesting part of the story that shocked me was the final part they told us. It seems in recent times, with the help of technology, human tissues were found to be present inside his sculptures. This crucial piece of information perhaps could explain many things, I thought.

The couple relayed they were very available, perhaps out of concern for their friend or out of curiosity. Although it was now dark, they decided to accompany us to the lady's home. This I'm sure helped the client relax and calm down even more. We spent approximately an hour, in which nothing occurred at the client's house. As soon as they departed, I decided to check to see if the voice recorder or the infrared camera which I had placed prior to leaving, had captured any evidence. I was hoping to have captured something special.

I had just placed the head-

phones on, and I was picked up and held the recorder. As I began to play the audio recording, I remember thinking I could hardly hear the client in front of me. As I began to listen and settle into my groove, something grabbed my attention. I remember becoming filled with terror at that very moment. The vision playing before my eyes, that I clearly saw, was a dark silhouette. The silhouette was moving repeatedly from the left to the right of the salon and vice versa. I must point out that all the lights in the house were on. I shut my eyes and I slowly opened them back up, in hopes clearing up any trickery of the mind. I did not want to frighten the client, as she had just fully regained her composure. I decided to say, "go out and get some fresh air, as I would like to try and take some pictures". The client agreed to my suggestion and stepped outside. When she was out of the room, the feeling of being completely alone began to weigh on my mind. I also knew that something was there and was waiting for me. This thought did terrify me. Everyone has had this fear and beware of those who tell vou otherwise. It is a fear that cannot be explained properly in words, but it is one that must be felt in order to be appreciated.

I grabbed the camera and

powered it on, readying myself for a photo opportunity. I slowly began to walk about the room in total pitch blackness that filled the room. It was a darkness, like no other I have seen. I began to snap pictures in all the rooms, all while being cautious. I was expecting something, so I remained vigilant and was not checking the contents of the photos I snapped. I freely admit that the light from the camera flash, provided me with some security. However, I realized that I had to cross my fear threshold, in order to find some concrete evidence. At this time, I decided to go into the son's room. Upon my arrival, I began to take several pictures, one right after the other. When I had enough, I went back into the living room and took more photos. I then made my way into the large bedroom. Upon entering, I remember α shiver went through me and straight up my spine, like a gust of cold air. I know this was the right location. I began taking pictures in sequence and as I did this, I was suddenly paralyzed. My finger remained stuck in continuous shooting mode. The light flashed off and lit up again, and what

stood in front of me was

something I had never seen

before. An imposing figure, dark, and evil. I stood frozen

and finally stopped shooting.

I slowly took the ultravio-

let flashlight, as my hands slightly trembled from the right pocket of my jeans. My hand was freezing up, and I hardly could turn it on. I managed to point it straight ahead, to better see what stood in front of me. I am at a loss and cannot really describe what I saw at that very moment, seem impossible. The entity stood a few inches from me, finally we were face to face. I wish I could say that I stood tall and felt no fear. but that was not reality. I was trembling out of fear, as I was finally at the threshold of my fear. I felt faint and thought that at any moment I would fall to the ground. I thought to myself that I could not be overwhelmed by fear, and I need to get it together. I was paralyzed as the entity

stared at me and I received his thoughts. I do not know how that is possible, but I felt that he wanted to kill me but could not for some reason. Then I felt a sense of desire from it, as if the entity desired me. All very strange. I do not know how much time had passed, but I remember I did not have anything more. I finally succumbed and let myself fall on the bed. I was totally devoid of any vital energy. My breathing was hard and labored. As I laid there in the dark and feeling as I was going to die, I remember seeing a bright light fill the entire room. The lady had returned from her walk outside in the fresh air and turned on the lights. She had discovered me laying in the bed, and

in a panic began asking me what had happened. Unfortunately, I was not able to even speak, so I could not answer her. I turned and looked out the window and saw the hints of the sun about to rise. and I thought maybe this time it was all over. I must admit, I did not sleep α minute, not even α wink. Although, I was psychologically and physically destroyed, I was still to wired at the events that unfolded. In a few hours, I would begin my return home journey. As I prepared my things for departure, I could not stop thinking about what had happened a few hours before. I just could not stop thinking about it. I arrived at the station and finally jumped on the train to Rome. It was



during this tranguil ride that I finally managed to fall asleep. I would say that about two weeks had passed. During this time, I still had not managed to summon the courage to analyze the material from the investigation. Honestly, I could not sleep at night anymore. I preferred to do it during the day, as I felt calmer and safer. I began to wonder if I was going crazy. I could not understand the situation, I thought a lot, and replayed it over and over, trying to explain it all. I even had the thought to stop investigating all together. "Why should I run these risks?" I then would argue with myself, like a madman, "this is your dream, do not stop".

Finally, I clenched my fists,

summoned the courage and went up to my room. I placed the headphones on and began to listen to the audio tracks of the empty house. I discovered that while the lady and I were inside the house, something walked nervously around the house, banging on the walls and furniture of each room. Then I heard very clear growls and songs. It was then, I realized that I had not become crazy. I had some very concrete and clear evidence of the experiences I had lived through. I then concentrated on the photographic parts, which incredibly I was able to document everything. I do not want to tell you more, as I leave to your eyes the ability to see and judge what I saw that night.

To my great surprise, the shots I took in the bedroom of the lady's son, I get disconcerting results. What I later immortalized in the form of "human seeds", previously had assumed the appearance of something unreal. The body seemed to be, that of a lion and the head of a demon, or just something very scary. Look at the shots of this figure.

In this original shot you will hardly notice anything. But look carefully to the right, I immediately notice an anomaly. As soon as I arrived at the house I put all my things right on that bed, completely empty and free from any object. On the next page I will show you something incredible. Carefully analyzed all the



material, I decided to intervene personally. For months I searched in vain for help, I even personally contacted the Vatican. I showed them not only the material you just saw, but also hours and hours of video and audio recordings, with the hope of help. The answer given to me, was one of the worst answers I ever received, "it is not for her to look for

such phenomena, that is why we will not intervene". I was and am still saddened and heart broken, that I was not able to resolve this case and help the client. However, this story does have a partial happy ending. I certainly did not stop at this unsurpassed wall, which was placed in front of me. I have tried to bypass it and climb it through many

other ways. I have failed in many ways of obtaining liberation of the house from a lay priest, I also tried through very serious spiritual groups and close to the Church but nothing, I still received no positive answers or solutions.

Several years have passed and I am constantly in touch with Matera and with the lady who updates me on

all the events.
There are periods in which the situation seems to calm down, only to explode again in chaos and anger of this obscure creature or entity.

Today I continue to follow the case from a distance. Always looking for a solution, an opportunity. I'm still looking for the opportunity to intervene and resolve the situation once and for all. I am sure that sooner or later continuing in my field I will find what I need in order to help this family.





My Dance with Hell Trire.

The Hell Fire Club in Co. Dublin, Ireland, is located on top of Montpellier Hill. Stunning views and great for walking and picnics too. However, this place has a dark past to say the least.

This hunting lodge was built by William Connolly, a speaker at the House of Commons in Ireland. It is said that he used the stones from an ancient Irish burial mound that was on the site, for construction, using a standing stone as part of the main fire place. After Connolly died, the lodge was sold. Richard Parsons founded the Hell Fire Club in 1735. The lodge became the clubs meeting place. Parsons, himself, was known to dabble in black magic and devil worship. At the lodge, rich men would gather to practice the dark arts which included the sacrificing animals, servants and young women who they would first have sex with. There would also be drinking, gambling and all manner of amoral behaviour. It was rumoured that they held black masses and even held an empty chair at the table so that the devil could come and join them.

There were a number of stories associated with the lodge, the most famous of which involves a card game. A stranger visited the lodge one stormy night, to play a game of cards. During the game, a card fell on the floor. One of the players bent down to pick

it up only to discover that the stranger had hooves instead of feet. With that, the stranger took on the form of a horned beast and burst into flames, setting the whole building on fire. These are the stories that I grew up with about the Hell Fire Club.

When myself and my partner decided to visit this place, I was apprehensive but excited. I knew the rumours and knew that this place didn't have the nicest of reputations especially after dark. We decided to explore it during the day, just to see what the energy was like. Was it as dark as we had heard or was it in fact a peaceful place? I gathered my crystals for protection and we started on

our way.

We had to park at the bottom of Montpellier Hill and hike up to the top to the ruins of the lodge. There were plenty of people going up and down the hill and it was a beautiful day. Nothing felt eerie or unsettling at all. When we reached the top, however, things began to change. Despite the weather and families having picnics or walking their dogs, there loomed this dark ruin of a building which held many dark and horrific secrets.

Before going inside the lodge, we walked around the exterior, examining the stone and grounds. The remains of the old burial mound were very visible. Some of the stones on the outer wall of the lodge had initials carved into them. I felt that now was the time to "power up". I told my partner, Mike, to copy me by putting our hands on the lush, green earth and asking for positive Divine light to fill our bodies so that we could be prepared for whatever was inside this place. I placed my hands on the ancient burial mound and expressed my sadness at what was done to it all those vears ago.

Mike and I took a deep breath and entered the building. The window shutters and doors had long since rotted away but I remember seeing the grandure of the place in my minds eye. We entered what would have been the basement first. In front of us was a staircase, a room beyond this and a room on either side of us. I was immediately drawn to take a picture of the staircase. We then took some EVP as we explored the building. At this time, there was no one in the building and there was one family having a picnic at the side of the hill. We explored the whole house and stepped outside.

We decided to split up and explore the building a second time. I went into the room behind the stairs. This basement room was said to be where the club practiced dark magic and black masses. I instantly



felt the atmosphere change once I stepped through the door. With crystals in hand, I closed my eyes and stated my intention. I told the building and the entities within that I did not come to harm or provoke, only to observe. As my eyes were closed, I saw a figure staring at me from a distance. This creature had a bulls head with intelligent eyes and the chest and arms of a man. We watched each other . I was no threat to this creature and it was no threat to me. I made a mental note of what I saw and met Mike outside again. On exiting the building, I felt very disorientated and had a painful headache. This was my sign that I had gone in enough. Mike, however, wanted to go in a third time. Despite my warnings, Mike, being the adventurer that he is, still went back in. He went into the back room alone and it wasn't long before he emerged again looking shaken. He said he also felt disorientated and had a headache. He put his hand in his mouth and realised his mouth was bleeding quite a bit, almost like he had bitten his tongue. We both agreed that it was time to leave. As we stood for a moment to gather our thoughts, we saw a little girl about 8 or 9 years old, wander into the lodge by herself. She belonged to the family that were having a

picnic at the side of the hill.

Mike and I noticed how comfortable she seemed to be going around this eerie lodge by herself. Her family didnt seem to be worried about her being out of sight. We saw her go up the steps and into a room on the far right of the building. I remember feel-

down the hill, I heard footsteps behind us. I turned, expecting to see the family coming behind us, however there was nothing there. I walked further and heard a thump. I turned and realised that a rock had landed in the bush behind us but I also saw another rock mid air com-



ing concerned for her safety as her family were a small distance away and definitely couldn't have seen her. Mike and I saw this girl holding hands with something invisible and dancing with it. She was perfectly at ease. We witnessed her dancing with something for at least 7 or 8 minutes before we decided to go back to the car.

As we began our descent

ing for us. Both rocks hit that bush as if they were thrown but not a single living person was there.

We drove home, mostly in silence, trying to take in all that we had witnessed. We got to where we were staying and began looking through our pictures and EVPs that we caught at the lodge. The first thing we noticed on one of the EVPs was a distinct

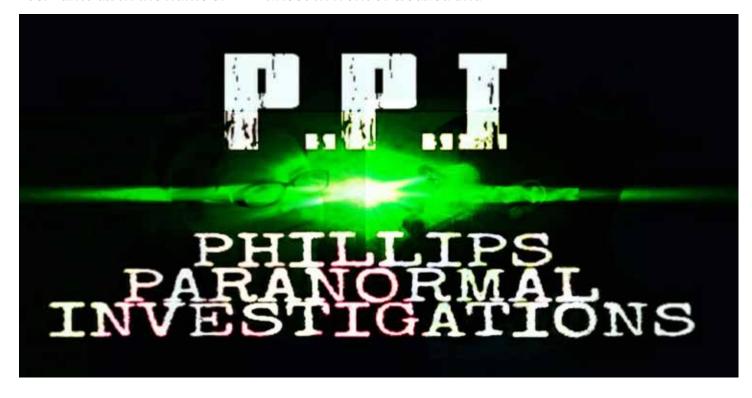
growl, not from an animal but from a man. The next thing we noticed was a picture. The picture that I had taken of the staircase had a man floating between the too and bottom floor. His head, face, hair and shoulders were clearly visible. He had a hairstyle from the 1700s to 1800s with large sideburns and was wearing a smart jacket (perhaps velvet) with a shirt underneath. His face was stern and observing, his eyes looking toward the camera.

I then began to research the Hell Fore Club itself. My research led me to the true name group that held their meetings at the old lodge, Bohemian Grove. This group are still active in California, however there are no dark arts or human sacrifice involved these days. Up on the hill, this group would drink, gamble, sacrifice young women and servants all in the name of

a God called Moloch. You can imagine my surprise when I discovered that this entity was said to have the head of a bull and the body of a man. This would lead people to believe that it was the devil himself due to the horned head and cloven feet. For three weeks after, I kept seeing this white bull headed creature in my mind, staring at me, not aggressive, but observing. Sometimes it was closer, other times it was further away. At the same time, Mike was getting visions to the point that he felt like he would burst if he didn't get them out of his head and down on paper. He began to sketch what he saw. I call him a "spartist" or spirit artist. He drew, what I believe, were the memories from events

masked men. The other was of a woman toed to a bed with writing or symbols on the footboard, again surrounded by these masked and cloaked men.

This was one of the most interesting paranormal experiences that I have ever had, perhaps because of the stories I had grown up with about the Hell Fire Club. The biggest lesson that I learned was to respect all energy and entities no matter if they are of light or darkness. Most of these entities have been here longer than us and regardless of their intentions, their power must be respected. The Hell Fire Club holds so much memory and energy and whatever entity was summoned all those years ago, still resides there but, if respected, it has no reason to harm. Be smart, be safe, be respectful. Love and light.



that took place at the lodge.

One picture was of a wom-

an, stripped naked, on her

knees in front of cloaked and

### ELECTRONIC VOICE PHENOMENON

The following is the classifications of EVPs that are generally accepted and used by paranormal researchers and investigators:

Class A - This type of EVP is loud, clear and of very high quality. The voice is easily understandable and does not need enhancement or amplification. Class A EVPs are also often (but not always) in direct response to a question being asked.

Class B - This is the most common type of EVP. This type of EVP is of somewhat lower quality and clarity than a Class A EVP but still very audible. Class B EVPs often do need some amount of enhancement or amplification to be heard clearer. The voice may not be clear enough to be totally understood or there may be disagreement as to what it is saying. Class B EVPs are often not in direct response to a question.

Class C - This is the lowest quality EVP. With a Class C EVP even, the best enhancement and amplification may not be sufficient to make the voice audible or clear. There may even be debate whether or not an EVP is actually present.

Some paranormal investigators go further:

Class D - Occasionally referred to as Class R. There are very poor-quality EVPs. Extremely questionable if it even is an EVP. Also referred to as EVP chatter, whispers, breathing noises and airy sounds. Some investigators use Class D as a "holding" classification until further analysis is performed. Either way, Class D EVPs are not used presentable as evidence.

**Class G** - Also known as the "garbage" because

EVPs of such low quality that need extreme enhancement, filtering, etc. are probably not real EVPs. Even if later validated, with such extreme enhancement the reliability of the EVP is highly questionable. In other words, if you have to try that hard to make a sound an EVP then it probably isn't so.

#### **SHGGRS EVP Classification System**

Strange Happenings Ghost and Hauntings Research Society, also came up with their preferred version of EVP classification that may be used to further define EVPs recorded. They chose to break down the EVP classification by type, level, and response clarification. The following is the list of classes, levels and categories that may be used:

#### Classes

Class DC (direct communication): The ghost voice clearly answers a question or directly responds to something said.

**Class PC (personal communication)**: The ghost voice clearly says something meaningful directly to someone present.

Class RC (random communication): A ghost voice that answers no direct question, does not appear to be aimed at any particular person and doesn't make sense in the context it was receive.

#### Levels

**Level 1:** Loud, clear and easy to understand... sounds like natural speech (including whis-

pers and fast speech).

Level 2: Lower volume and the voice is warped, but still discernable.

**Level 3:** Very low volume, hard to understand and excessively warped.

#### Categories

**Morph**: The voice and/or words of someone who is speaking is changed into something else in the playback of the recording. Words that are different than the person who spoke, or one voice changing to another, etc.

**ERV (event related voices)**: Events such as someone talking or coughing, or the sounds of a passing train or car, etc. seems to trigger the EVP.

TR (thread related): One utterance is a comment on, or a response to, an utterance just before. They are related by contextual thread. Examples would be hearing two or more voices talking to each other, as well as a voice

responding to something previously said by itself and/or someone or something else. **CHR (chorale):** Two or more voices speaking at the same time, either saying the same thing or something different.

#### Some Notes Regarding EVP Classification:

- 1. Most EVP messages are recorded more frequently in the evening and/or during stormy weather (best times for ghost hunting).
- 2. Most EVP messages are typically short in length, preceded by a click or thud sound, are usually in the language of the experimenter being delivered in a single voice (male or female),
- 3. Also, exhibit a frequency shift different from the normal human voice frequency range.



# HAUNTED ANTIQUES PARANORMAL RESEARCH CENTRE.

In 2017, with α little bit of equipment and a big desire, I decided to start my research with objects. I truly believed that objects held energy, I didn't feel that they would be 'haunted' as such, I felt that was a Hollywood film makers scare factor, but I was prepared to proved wrong! So I set out to research and prove or disprove, that spirits could be attached to objects. I emailed lots of antique shops in the area and surrounding area, but the only person to respond to me was Phil Sims at Sims Vintage Antique Centre at Wootton Wawen. He agreed to let me into his shop to investigate. and boy what a night! I must admit I was very nervous to start with as this project is so important to me. What would happen if it all went wrong? End of my dream I auess. I did believe that the initial

dream I guess.
I did believe that the initial haunted antiques' format was very, very good. After this first Saturday evening I knew where I could tweak it and the changes were made for the second visit to the antique centre. Having said that the end result was even better

than I imagined it would be.
My original idea for Haunted
Antiques was to record our
evenings at the antique centre then edit and produce a
series of highlight videos. It
was in this format that our
first two evenings were done,
and I have produced two
videos based on our first two
nights. 'The boy in the photograph' & 'Bronze African
Statue' are still available to
watch on the Haunted Antiques Paranormal Research

channel. Almost immediately there was a number of spirits coming forward. I guess they were interested in what we were doing as no other paranormal group had been there. One in particular was a baby girl crying. It became obvious to Ian that this infant was buried in what is now the corner of the centre. At the end of the evening Ian helped her

Centre YouTube

into the light and she moved on and was greeted by her mother.

Ian my guest medium for the night did work on three objects. Each totally different.
Each leaving us with questions are, especially, will stay in my mind for a very long time as we'd never experience anything like it before. This was the boy in the photograph. As we sat having a short break, Ian saw a you f child leap out of one of the





photographs. It was a picture of a large house which we think is in Derbyshire. This little boy ran around the shop in an excited frenzy. He set off the rem pod as he raced past it. I asked him some questions which he answered. He'd never come out of the photo before, but he'd seen us and was excited so he just jumped out. He told us that his mum and dad were in the house and that they didn't know that he'd come out to play. He was such a happy soul. At one point I asked him to hold Terri's hand. Terri is Phil the owners wife who had joined us for the evening. To her astonishment she felt the small cold hand of a small child hold her hand. After a while Ian sensed he was getting tired so he ran back into the photograph.

The second item was a bronze African figure. Ian was drawn to it. This figure has an older gentleman attached to it. He didn't like anyone holding it, and was getting quite agitated at first but soon calmed down a bit. It was a present to him and wasn't happy that his daughter had sold it after he passed. Since I've opened the Haunted Antiques Paranormal Research Centre, Phil has very kindly donated these two items. and they now have pride

I am very lucky to be associated with Sims Vintage Antique Centre in Wootton Wawen, and without the belief of Phil & Terri, the whole concept of Haunted Antiques would never have got off the idea stage. Sims Vintage Antique Centre are now proud sponsors of the Haunted Antiques paranormal research centre. The centre has now been open for a year, and it is going from strength to strength. Everyone, without exception has been impressed with what we are doing. However, this is just the beginning and we have so many more ideas that we want to try. The centre isn't α museum as such as the

of place.

items are not kept behind glass, we want everyone to touch, to hold or to sit in, so this isn't just our experiences it's everyone's. I have been on national TV twice with my ww2 wheelchair, and have been guest on numerous radio shows here in the UK and USA.

We open to the general public every Saturday and allow paranormal teams in on Saturday evening to investigate. Also we now have a membership scheme which allows the members access to the CCTV cameras which will run through the night, live feeds and discounts from our friends.





2021 MYSTICAL BRITAIN
WITH CRYPTO GURU, RONALD MURPHY JR.
MARCH 9 - 14 2021
WITH AN OPTIONAL EXCURSION TO SCOTLAND

Britain. The land where mystery and reality collide. Join guest host Ronald L Murphy Jr. on this once-in-a-lifetime experience as we explore the mysteries, lore, myths, and realities of Great Britain.

How or why do so many strange thing cluster in certain areas? Visit the places where the veil is thin. Learn from our expert and experience for yourself first hand. Return with more knowledge and stories of your own.

Included in this package:
Round trip airfare from a major east coast airport
Airport transfers in the UK
4 nights hotel accommodations
6 meals (4 breakfasts and 2 dinners)
Ground transportation in the UK
Admission to listed attractions
All listed lectures and meet-ups
A commemorative t-shirt

#### Day 1 - Fly from our US airport

Day 2 -Land in London. If time allows, we will have a City Tour with Photo Stops at the famous sights. Check in to the hotel and freshen up. Group dinner with meet and greet, welcoming, and orientation.

Day 3 -Full English breakfast at the hotel then off to the English Countryside. Our day excursion begins with Stonehenge. Along the way we will learn of the myths and mysteries surrounding the ancient structure. We can spend some time investigating the grounds. Then it is off to the nearby Avebury Henge, much larger yet lesser known. While there, we will have some time at the visitors center and general exploration time. Lunch and dinner on your own. Evening we will have a meetup to share experiences and findings.

Day 4 -Begin the day with another full English breakfast, then head out to Isle of Avalon itself, Glastonbury. Prepare for a full day of learning and being amazed. Lunch and dinner on your own with a meetup later to be announced.

Day 5 - After breakfast, we will go to the British Museum to revise relic from the sites we investigated and many others. Spend the day there or set out on your own and explore London. Our transportation will meet us back at the museum for pick up later in the day. I the evening we will gather for a farewell dinner and share our many findings from the trip.

Day 6 -Fly home or continue on to Scotland with the optional add on.

#### Find us on Facebook @ Darla Tours



## MAY 11, 2019

AT THE HISTORIC TOLEDO YACHT CLUB IN TOLEDO, OHIO



### SPEAKERS INCLUDE:

Robert Murch - The Talking Board Historical Society

Katrina Weidman - Paranormal Lockdown

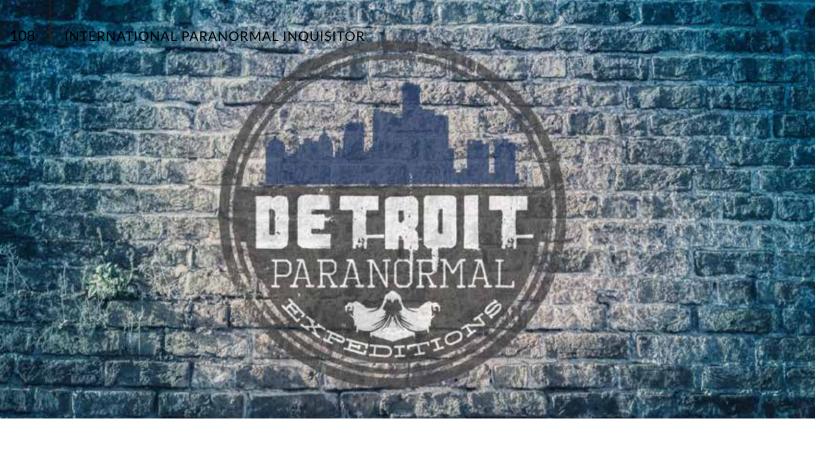
Marc DeWerth - Ohio Big Foot Organization

Kathleen Tedsen - Haunted Travels of Michigan

Jeff Mudgett - Author, Bloodstains

Adam & Deb - Beyond the Silence, Psychic/Mediums (Adam & Deb will perform a FREE Gallery Reading before lunch)





The adventures of Detroit
Paranormal Expeditions
The paranormal world is
something that transcends
geographic regions, cultures
and beliefs. While people of
different backgrounds don't
always agree on what the
paranormal world entails,
there are and have been people of virtually every background who believe that there
is something to the universe
beyond what we can see with
our naked eye.

The curiosity of what lies beyond is why I can't walk away from this field, nor do I fear death. Death is one thing that unites all of us, and I do not believe that we simply close our eyes and drift off to a quiet eternity of darkness and non-existence. The evidence my paranormal group, Detroit Paranormal Expedi-

tions (DPX), certainly seems to support that idea. While DPX is only about twoand-a-half years old, my co-founder Todd Bonner and I have each been actively pursuing the paranormal world for around seven years now. A paranormal investigation team based out of Detroit. Michigan, DPX has traveled throughout the United States, investigating some places that are notoriously haunted, and others that have never been investigated before. Many of the latter turned out to be some of the most haunted places we've ever been to. Here is one of our favorites: Eloise Psychiatric Hospital -Westland, Michigan Once a sprawling complex that included a general hospital, tuberculous sanatorium, psychiatric ward and much

more, Eloise Psychiatric
Hospital at its peak had 78
buildings across 902 acres. It
peaked in population around
the 1930s when it had 10,000
patients and 2,000 staff. Today, fewer than five buildings
remain, and only two of them
are in good enough shape to
safely enter.

For years, Eloise was owned by Wayne County, and they refused to allow anyone to enter. It was eventually sold to a private developer, with the goal of converting it into a senior living facility. While speaking at paranormal conference in the summer of 2018, we met a gentleman named Russ and became friends with him. He said he knew the developers who bought the building and offered to connect us. We met with him, and he agreed to

allow us to investigate. We did a Facebook Live walkthrough the first day we entered the building, which you can watch on our Facebook page here.

Our first night in the building was nothing short of amazing. I heard one of the loudest disembodied voices I've ever heard, and Todd had an even more incredible experience that was captured on video. Alone on the third floor after everyone else had exited the building for a break, he began to hear walking in the back of the room. It intensified, and eventually he got so uncomfortable, he left the building and came outside with us. We were livestreaming our cameras on Facebook, and

because of the way its set up, the camera was capturing all the audio in the room Todd was in.

After he leaves, what follows are more than 4 minutes of unexplained sounds. You can hear things moving in the room, shower curtains in adjacent room move, shuffling, footsteps and much more. What's incredible about is how long it lasts. You can watch the video on our You-Tube page here. We recommend listening with headphones.

Friends of ours were also able to capture a couple amazing photos, including what looks like a shadow figure in the back of a dining room, and an apparition of a nurse in

the basement. To see those pictures and other evidence we've captured at Eloise, visit www.detroitparanormalexpeditions.com/eloise. We do a lot of livestreaming on our social media channels whenever we investigate Eloise and other locations. We hope you will connect with us on our channels and join us on our adventures! There is much more to come. If you have a passion for the paranormal, we'd love to connect with you. All of our social media channels are linked at the top of our website, www. detroitparanormalexpedi-

We'll see you in the dark!

tions.com.



## ARCHIVE ECHO

In this issue of the Archive Echo, I am going to cover two subjects. Subjects that are complete opposites. Of course, I will be covering one of my favorite artifacts in the museum, and the other is a topic that has been weighing heavy on my mind for quite some time.

Let's start off with the vexing topic. This topic, is an issue that I experience time and time again on paranormal forums, message boards, conventions, posts etc. It seems that no matter where I turn to in the paranormal community, I run into this issue. The issue that I'm addressing is the issue of how some folks (regardless of gender), have let their egos run rampant! Now this issue has helped tarnish the respectability and entirety of the paranormal field from both the inside and outside. The field has become populated with teams competing with other teams, people putting down others in the field and all types of drama. I have seen many seasoned veterans leave the field because they were pushed out, or just were embarrassed at what the field was turning into. How many new people interested the field have opted not to enter because of all of this? We, as the representatives of the paranormal community, need to ask ourselves "why we are in the field"? Do we fully understand the sacrifices that we will have to make? Do we not owe it to ourselves, the clients and the spirits, a mature and respectable experience, investigation or session? Basically, what I'm projecting here is that if we want the paranormal field to be taken seriously, we need to take the paranormal field seriously, it's that simple. Selfish egos have no part in the progression of this great field. "Each One Teach One", this philosophy comes from a personal experience, some personal insight, that I received from one of my professors in ministry college, the late Dr. Regal. He made a clear point that it was important to not only learn, but to pass along your knowledge and your personal experiences to others. It's truly an amazing concept, learn it, teach it and retain it. This philosophy can be easily be applied to any one subject. It is a simple concept to where pretty much anyone can use it.

This amazing and wonderful field of the paranormal, is
worthy and deserves our best,
not our worst. We investigators or researchers, however
you identify yourself, need
to focus on passing along
proper etiquette for conduct-

ing proper research or investigations. I know that there are many of us who do. But, we need more to follow suit. We need more dedicated and mature paranormal researchers out there, blazing a trail for the new people to look up to and follow. If truth be told the younger generation is going to be picking up the torch, so to speak whenever we pass away. Proper guidance is important if we want the paranormal field to thrive and survive after we are gone. End of rant.

Now onto the good stuff. The "haunted relic" that I want to share with everyone, is by far one of my favorites within the Archive's collection and is linked to multiple accounts of strange occurrences here in the museum, I'm talking about the West Virginia State Penitentiary "Execution Cap". The Cap, as many visitors have come to call it has made guite the home for itself amongst the most haunted items within the museum's collection. The Cap was originally purchased as an historical item, but there were hopes amongst the museum's personnel. They had hoped that some traces of the nine inmates who have been executed with it, would have and would still follow it to its new home here at the



Archive. So it comes as no surprise that from day one of its arrival, that there were reports of unrest within the museum's keep. Footsteps, shuffling, knocks and slight shadow movement are just α few of the types of experiences and evidence collected from within the first week of The Cap being housed here. What is also interesting is the intense aura that seems to surround The Cap. Many of the museum's quests have made mixed reports of the vibe that they felt coming from The Cap. These vibes have included rage, sadness and even fear. I personally want to add that those emotional impressions

are magnified while The Cap is being held in one's hands. Also, as I am sure that it comes as no surprise that The Cap's energy is "insanely" intense during thunderstorms, especially those with large amounts of lightning. As for contact being made with the nine inmates? We have made contact with five of the nine inmates either through EVP's, "ghost box" or proximity meter(s).

Here are the names of the five that we have manage to make contact with Fred Painter (murderer), James Hewitt (murderer), Tom Ingram (murderer: a mother and daughter), Larry Fudge

(murderer) and Elmer Bruner (murderer). Those inmates that we have not yet to contact are as follows; Harry Burdette (murderer), Oschel Gardner (murderer), Robert Hopkins (murderer) and Eugene Linger (murderer). There will most definitely be more research conducted on this item in the future. Execution were by means of electrocution and took place between March 26, 1951 with Painter and Burdette and ended April 3, 1959 with Bruner taking the final charge of electricity. West Virginia's capital punishment ended in 1965 and was never reinstated.

# THE BRAIN SUCKER

We head to one of South Africa's most important rivers. The Mzimvubu River known as "place of the hippopotamus" is approximately 400 km long, which flows in a southeastern direction and

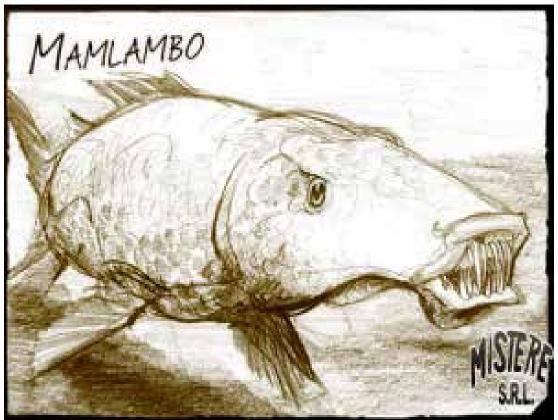
empty's out into the Indian Ocean through a majestic gorge named the "Gates of St John". This river is largely undeveloped, so much of its beauty is still on display.

However, do not let its beauty fool you as this river holds a mystery. In April of 1997, this river was brought to the attention of the world by South African newspapers Johannesburg's The Star and Cape Town's Cape Argus. The newspapers reported that nine fatalities by what was described

as a "giant reptile". This occurred near a village named Lubaleko, that lies on the Mzintlava River in the vicinity of Mount Ayliff. The residents of the village claimed that the nine victims were drug into

to the residents as the "Brain-Sucker". According to folklore and urban legends from the area, this giant reptile has terrorized the villages around the Mzintlava River for ages. It is notorious for dragging its

victims. especiallv children into the deep depths, where it would feed on the faces and the brains. There are several descriptions of this giant reptile. Some have described



the water and drowned by this "giant reptile". Once, the bodies were recovered from the waters, it was reported that their faces and brains were devoured.

In examining South African and Zulu folklore, we find a cryptid by the name of Mamlambo. This cryptid is known

it as being 6-7 feet in length.
Other descriptions include a four short legs, a long tail, a crocodilian body, a horse-like head with a serpent neck.
Some have even suggested the creature has a glow to it. A village elder that goes by the name of Matshunga stated "It is a big snake, and I have

seen what it does. It has the head and neck of a snake, and it shines at night with a green light."

Multiple witnesses claimed that this animal has two bright shiny green eyes. The villagers state that according to folklore, that Mamlambo uses its eyes to hypnotize its victims. Once, they are under a trance, then the Mamlambo grabs them and drags them under water.

Although Mamlambo sightings have been occurring throughout time, the local police state that "the monster's purported victims were actually only drowning casualties, resulting from the swelling of the Mzintlava River during the heavy rains of the Lesotho wet season".

Even though the police have dismissed that the victims were that of a Mamlambo attack, the villagers who reside nearby claim that Mamlambo is very real and not just a silly folklore. "This is very real", claims one tribesman, "and we have been terrorized by this mysterious monster". According to mythology of the Xhosa people, mamlambo is a giant river snake which brings good fortune to whoever owns it. According to the tribesman the Mamlambo was used by witch doctors to seek revenge on all those who went against him. The tribal stories of the past describe the creature as a big snake



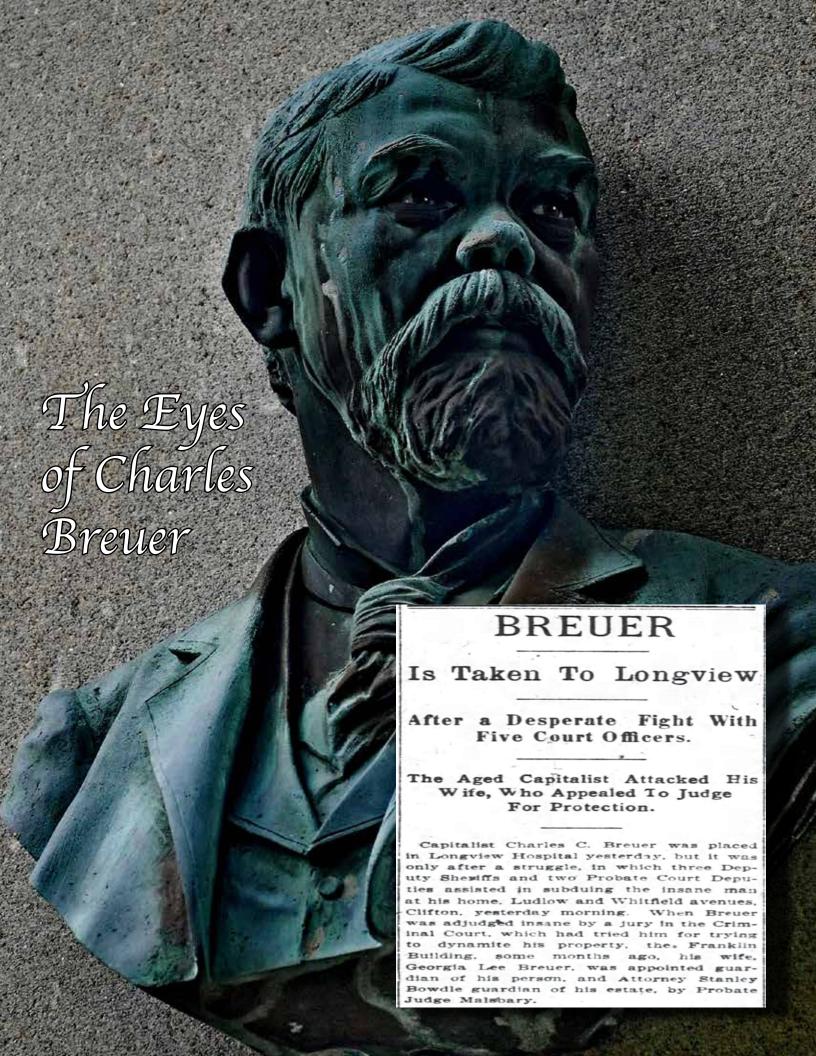
South African villagers in a remote rural backwater are living in fear of a maneating river creature said

to have characteristics of both a fish and a horse. Ezra Sigwella, agriculture minister in the Eastern Cape region, told an astonished legislature that the beast had gobbled up seven victims in the Umzimhlava River to the north of the former Transkei black homeland. He promised to dispatch officials to hunt down the "monster." remarks drew a few titters from the lawmakers, amid calls of "mamlambo"-a reference to a beast from Xhosa tribal mythology which is said to live in rivers and, if caught, provide great wealth.

with a large bulky head. Modern reports describe it as being "half horse and half fish", having the head and neck of a horse and the body of a fish, with four short stumpy legs. So, has the creature evolved or is this another creature? Since, April of 1997 there have been no sightings or reports of villagers falling victim to the Mamlambo. Perhaps this has been due to the villag-

ers taking to wide campaigns of attempting to locate and eradicate the creature. They have been dragging the corpses of animals through water in hopes of drawing the creature out and have also went as far as dropping explosives in the water.

In 2007, Josh Gates of Destination Truth (Season 1 Episode 5) went to the location to investigate the reports.



Spring Grove Cemetery:
Section 100
4521 Spring Grove Avenue
Cincinnati, Ohio
39.175175, -84.525829
(Follow the main street entrance roadway, which is the road with the lines, past two shelter houses. Right after the second shelter house, the is Y in the road where C.C. Breuer's monument is located.)

Spring Grove Cemetery is a beautiful but very haunted cemetery, in Cincinnati, Ohio. In the heart of the many legends and hauntings from this location, lies an unusual statue. This statue is a very detailed and is raised seven feet above the ground, belongs to the late Charles C. Breuer.

C.C. Breuer was a very controversial capitalist in life, so it is not surprising that he would be so in the afterlife. The controversy in the bust, lies in the eyes. The eyes are very realistic and have caused many to gasp in horror! Many have claimed that the eyes flicker and pupils dilate. Others claim the eyes follow them, while others have stated the whole bust has turned and followed them... Local legend has claimed that C.C. Breuer had written in his will that his real eyes would be placed in the bust upon his death. Allegedly, his real eyes were placed in glass and placed in the bust. So when in Cincinnati, stop by Spring Grove Cemetery and say hello to C.C. Breuer!



### HAS COFFINS READY

Cincinnati, June 19—Fearing that death would overtake him and his wife without proper preparation for it, Charles C Breuer a well known capitalist, has installed a mortuary chapel in his mansion at Ciliton, euglipped with two mahogany coffins, lined with copper, and embellished with elaborately engraved silver name plates

Besides this he has contracted for the burial of himself and wife, covering every detail and depositing a certified check for the undertaker.

Brever has recently displayed eccentricities that have alienated him from the children of his first marriage and has been involved in frequent law suits

### FLICKER

Besides this he has contracted for Of the Candle Light

Revealed a Mine Beneath Franklin Building

riage and has been involved in And Capitalist C. C. Brouen frequent law suits Is Under Arrest,

Charged With Having Tried To Wreck the Structure.

Dynamite, Fuses and a Burning Can dle Were En Train When Discovery Was Made.



# Dohbar-Chú

rish legend tells of a fearsome creature, part hound and part otter. The Dobhar-chú is a blood thirsty creature that lives deep in the waters and is known for its speed, aggression, and appetite for human flesh. Such a creature doesn't exist, right? September 22, 1722, Gráinne Connolly (often Anglicized in modern use to Grace Connolly) left her home in Creevelea located on the northwestern part of Glenade Lough. Grace was heading to the nearby shallows to bathe or wash clothes. The Dobhar-Chú emerged from the water and made its attack. With a creature as fierce as the Dohbar-Chú, one can only hope that death came quickly for Grace so that she did not suffer. Upon hearing her scream, Terence McGloighlin (her husband) grabbed his sword and set out to the lake in search of his wife. Find her he did. Terence came across her body in the shadow of the great beast, a beast that was now sleeping beside her bloody corpse. Mad with grief, Terence attacked the Dobhar-Chú with his blade. He succeeded in slaying the beast as it was defenseless in its sleep. As

the creature died, it let out an ear-splitting scream. Just then the water of the lake began to ripple, and the the creature's enraged mate rose from the depths of the lake. Terence ran for his horse but the second Dobhar-Chú was close on his heels. Terence rode for miles but the creature was relentless in its pursuit. The chase went on for hours, until eventually, Terence was forced to stop in the township of Cashelgarron to have his faltering horse seen to. He told the local blacksmith of the Dobhar-Chú following not far behind. The blacksmith then advised Terrence to stand his horse upon α hill. When the Dobhar-Chú caught up to him, the blacksmith said, it would thrust its fearsome head through the body of Terence's horse giving Terence his only chance to strike. Terence followed the blacksmith's words to the letter, allowing him to cut off the creature's head and avenge his wife in doing so. This tale seems so farfetched but there is further information to back this tale up. Grace's grave actually exists.

Dated September 24, 1722,

this marker is the last resting

place of Grace. Her grave is located in Cornwall cemetery in the downland of Drummans. Sadly the Tomb itself is old. Most of the written details have been worn down and are now illegible. On her grave it is possible to make out Grace's name and that of her husband. What is more clear is a detailed depiction of her killer, the Dobhar-Chú. The creature is depicted lying down on its back. A spear-like weapon is shown piercing the creature's neck, re-emerging below. A human fist can also be seen gripping the spear. Buried in Co. Sligo, not far from Cashelaarron stone fort. both the Carved on her tombstone is a detailed depiction of her killer, the Dobhar-Chú and McGloighlin's horse are huried.

Rristopher Rustic
Obscure Anomalies
Picture title: Artist Impression
by Eye Witness Sean Corcoran.
This creature was encountered
on Omey Island, Connemara, Co.
Galway, Ireland

# Paraus Compared to the second sedibers of the s

It was the school summer holiday and I was fourteen or fifteen years old. Not being the most social butterfly I was at a loss of how to amuse myself. Due to technological advances and the internet; young boys of modern day don't appear to have this problem so much. I was staying at my Grandmother's house; she lived alone as her husband has passed away a few years earlier. Why do I say her husband? Why not my Grandfather? I'll tell you.

I never got along brilliantly with my Grandmother's husband and recently I found out why. As a younger woman my Grandmother had divorced her first husband and married my Mother's Father. He died when my Mother was nine months old and my Grandmother remarried her first

husband, whom I will refer to from hereon as my not-real-Grandfather. I could tell there was an atmosphere between my not-real-Grandfather and I, and now I know why, I was the son of a daughter that wasn't his flesh and blood. It also probably didn't help that my real Grandfather had the same name as me, a happy coincidence as it turns out. Anyway, a number of boys from school lived near my Grandmother and my parents both worked full time and

lived a distance away, not too far but it was too great a distance to be practical for a fourteen/fifteen year old to be travelling alone, hence I camped at my Grandmother's house during the summer holidays.

A boy I went to school with lived relatively close to my Grandmother and we often found ourselves in each other's company. Our devious young minds aided by boredom concocted a plan to prank the general public, years ahead of Jackass but falling in the shadow of Jeremy Beadle's televisual exploits. As my Grandmother was out of the house in the daytime the possibility of stupid behaviour without adult supervision proved far too enticing. Our first and main prank was a classic. Superglue a coin to the floor and

let merriment ensue. It was potentially extreme hilarity for what we perceived to be little outlay. My partner in crime had superglue at home and we pooled our resources to secure a handful of shiny silver coins with which to tempt canny passers-by. We not so discretely snuck across the road and glued

a 10 pence coin to the pavement, not directly in front of the house, just down a little in case anyone was affronted by our scheme. Back in those days 10 pence coins were not the slivers of silver they are today, they were a proud manhole cover of a coin, something a keen-eyed passer-by surely couldn't resist. We took our positions in the upstairs bedroom and waited. And waited. One flaw in our master plan was the footfall: it wasn't as busy a thoroughfare as we'd anticipated Wait! Someone's coming! This is going to be great! They're getting closer, closer, closer... and there they go, they didn't even see it! This hαppened α lot. It seems people aren't as eagle-eyed as we expected. Maybe if the recession had hit sooner people would have been actively looking for free street-based cash but things were more relaxed then. Wait! Another person! Someone else is coming! They're going for it! They approached the immovable object and spied it. Here we go! They leaned over and thinking they'd made a cheeky profit, grabbed for the coin, then scraped at it, then laughed and wandered off. It worked!

We repeated this for several days but due to the low footfall it was a laborious affair. As much entertainment as the pasted coin could provide; the

waiting somewhat lessened the amusement. Being the wily young things we were a plan was hatched to maximise the enjoyment by using my friend's video camera to simply film the street, we would then review later adding to the tomfoolery with a televisual presentation and the gift of fast-forward. The plan was complete. We'd obtained the video camera and set it up on the bedside cabinet which we'd placed near the window, peeping out at the unsuspecting world. We set it to record and made our way to attend to much less important things.

Three hours or so later, dictated by the length of the 8mm tape utilised; we returned to collect the camera, return the room to its original state and went to review the footage. We used the living room television within my friend's house to speed our way through the footage, stopping when someone stepped into shot to see if they'd go for the coin-shaped bait. We observed the same as when we watched live, some people would walk by oblivious, some would stop and attempt to collect the unexpected bounty, others would even go that extra step to give the glued red herring a kick to try and uproot it. Each time we'd have a laugh at the different techniques and levels of frustration people would

employ, most though enjoying the joke and having a little laugh as they made their way. The one which stood out was an elderly gent who stumbled along with his walking stick and as with most others went for the lure and failed... until he turned his walking aid to the coin and hacked away at it until it actually came free! Fair play!

We repeated this routine for several days, taping in the daytime and reviewing the footage that evening, sometimes with a few members of my friend's family laughing along with us. After a few days the joke had not worn thin and we forwarded through the days tape waiting for the next unlucky candidate to bend and scrabble fruitlessly. Oh, someone's coming, quick press play! On returning to normal playback we watched as some cashhungry passer-by made their attempt and moved on nonethe-richer, BANG!... BANG!... What the hell was that? We decided to rewind that days tape and watch all the way through, with the sound slightly elevated to see if anything else had been caught. There was no one in the house, we'd have heard my Grandmother returning as the front door made quite a recognisable sound which we'd hear as we left each time and I'm certain there were no neighbours at home either

side. What could be making those noises? BANG! BANG! BANG! I was no expert, but based on the microphone sensitivity and such; the sounds appeared to be coming from within the bedroom. There was no identifiable pattern either with intensity or frequency. There was definitely no heating system in use αs it was actually a temperate summer, not overly hot but comfortable. There was nothing mechanical within the room, other than the camera of course. What could it be? The next day we set the camera back up, once again on the bedside cabinet, but this time pointing into the room hoping to identify any obvious signs of the disturbance. As usual we hit record, left and returned to collect the equipment later. Again, we reviewed the captured footage, in real time, waiting for the strange bangs. They continued; again there was no pattern and slight variances in intensity and frequency. Nothing in the lens' field of vision budged. No one was in the house and no neighbours were at home. The sound definitely seemed to be coming from that room. The next day we set the camera up again, facing the other way. One bonus of this was a mirror present within a dressing table which would allow us to capture both sides of the room at once, including the

cupboards, drawers and other potential sources. That night we discovered the sounds continued but no visible cues as to the cause.

as to the cause. In order to be a thorough as possible we went back to review the previously used 8mm tapes we had used other days, not a great amount, we used a handful and rotated them accordingly. As the hours passed by and we watched a largely silent empty screen, save for the odd passing victim who attempted to collect our glued coin, an activity now surpassed by our new investigation; the bangs were also present. The viewing angle included one of the bedroom windows, an oldfashioned double glazed affair which had the standard outer layer and a sliding, openable inner layer around six inches away. I'm not entirely certain of this purpose, maybe ventilation or cleaning, either way it is what it is. As we watched, quietly waiting for more audible uncertainties. something moved. The most accurate way I can describe what I witnessed is a figure moved into view, paused, then moved away. To add some background detail, at the point this happened no pedestrians were in view, none had passed by for some time. No cars were moving, again not for some time. I can't see that it was caused by any outside influence. It was a shape

which could best be described as a mostly-transparent figure with a whitish hue which had the shape of head, shoulders and upper body. It drifted from the left of frame to approximately one third of the way across, stopped for ground three seconds as if trying to determine what this strange device in the room was, then it drifted out of frame from left to right. The game was afoot, the next day we attempted to secure the potential sound sources. We taped up drawers, cupboards, anything we could find that may move. I can't say exactly what type of tape it was but the best way I can describe it is a black form of duct tape, again sourced from my friend's unending supply of odds and ends. We placed blankets and such around doors, windows or anywhere a draught could sneak in. We recorded again and the banging continued, except this time with increased frequency and ferocity culminating in a crescendo of aggressive pounding and then it happened, the camera was knocked onto its side. Obviously we knew this before reviewing the footage; the camera was disturbed when we returned to collect it. We did wonder what we would find but it's possible my Grandmother had unexpectedly returned and knocked into the cabinet it rested upon.



After all it was her bedroom we were invading on a daily basis.

It became apparent that we had not been as thorough as we could've been that day. there was one obvious area we had not taped securely shut, the bedside cabinet that was home to the camera, our makeshift camera tripod. That must've been the origin of the banging, the hinged wooden cabinet door. But nothing naturally occurring would have made the cabinet door open and close so randomly and with such force, could it?

That was enough for me, as difficult as it was staying

there when the thought of a spirit was sharing the same space the realisation that it could potentially do harm was my last straw. I phoned my parents and asked if I could come back home. It was an unexpected request given the weeks of school summer holiday that remained and in a clearer state of mind maybe I should have fibbed and told them I'd had a falling out with my friend and would rather be in my own home. An explanation that would have skirted over the incidents I'd witnessed, spared all concerned any upset and hopefully removed me from potential harm's way. Unfortunately,

at that age and in that state of mind I hαdn't thought that far ahead. I foolishly blurted what had happened, my parents were aware and worst of all my Grandmother was now aware. Suffice to say everyone's first instinct was not to believe my iuvenile ramblings and was to explain all

away as traffic reflection, albeit traffic that was not present and heating noise, albeit not in use. Them thought me daft! In hindsight I must've seemed irrational and scared of 'goblins'! But I suppose if you hadn't experienced it personally it would be hard to digest, as it probably will be for anyone kindly sparing the time to read through this. I am convinced, without doubt that a spirit/entity/ghost, whatever you wish to label it was present in that house, in that room. I cannot say it was definitely my not-real-Grandfather but there was something there I cannot rationally explain.

The next summer I did resume my normal holiday and spent approximately six weeks at the 'haunted house' but I did not return to filming or 'ghost hunting'. However, the one thing that did embarrassingly linger was the compulsion to speak aloud when alone at night to appease the spirit and attempt to remain

safe, something I'd started doing the summer previous when the evidence presented itself that there may have been an unexpected occupant in the house. I wasn't completely comfortable with returning and as vou can imagine there was much ridicule from my parents about my claims the previous year. I remember mv Grandmother

repeatedly telling me 'It's not the dead you have to worry about hurting you', it didn't sound like reassurance the way she said it but I assume it was meant that way. The summer passed and no more incidents occurred.

You're probably wondering where these evidential tapes are. Unfortunately, and frustratingly the boy I was friends with and I drifted apart. We were largely only friends due to our close proximity whilst at my Grandmother's house, a place I more or less grew up due to my parents full work schedule. We were very different people with different outlooks and tastes. However, the tapes were his and in his possession. I don't

tunity to film again didn't present itself. I had to walk away from the possibility of investigating further and this has plagued me ever since. For several years the thought of filming again was always with me. vi

Following the previous adventures; I left school, found work and became an adult. During

> this time I had little to do with my parents, who knew the girl I was with was not the one for me, however youth and inexperience kept me in that situation for several years. As with my parents I rarely saw my Grandmother or visited her. something I regretted in later years.





know what he did with them afterwards; maybe he simply recorded over them or threw them away. Maybe he tried to investigate further, I'll never know. All I know is I'll never see those tapes again, the best evidence I ever had. Around two years later my Grandmother became largely housebound and the opporback with their strict rules of conduct after living with that girl and then alone. Most of all it was a house I wasn't familiar with and it was not easy to adapt. I remained with them for around five years before moving in with a new girl.

Another thing which only recently came to light was an experience my Mother had in that new house when they first moved in. She was alone in the house and was headed down the stairs; at the bottom she saw a figure. I've not been able to get a definitive description of what she actually saw but she assures me it was my not-real-Grandfather, her step-Father. When I recently discovered this it rocked my world, not only that this remained secret for so long but it highlighted the possibility that other-worldly spirits may be able to travel between places.

To carry on with the theme of my Mother and that house I'll add something here, it breaks the chronology I've been using so far but fits better here. About 12 years after the vision at the bottom of the stairs another incident occurred. My Grandmother was seriously unwell; she did actually pass away a few months later; after spending a lengthy time in hospital. One morning around 9am she was found bedridden and in a very poorly state, this signalled significant changes

in her health as even through her other ailments and conditions she always had the will to move into the living room and not stay in bed. It was around this time she required a lot more assistance to undertake simple movements and tasks and did first go to hospital. Several hours earlier, somewhere between 1-3 o'clock in the morning my parents were awoken by a sound in their bedroom. On turning the bedside lamp on nothing could be seen to be creating the noises, which then stopped. Moments later, a framed photograph launched across the room and fell near the bed. A little more info as always, the photograph was around A4 size, it was in a wooden frame and contained the image of me and my not-real-Grandfather from a time when I was maybe 5 years old. The expression on his face in that photo has always spooked me, even before the previous events took place. The layout of the room is thus, stand in the middle of a room, this is the bed, look to your left, about eight feet away is a wooden cabinet, placed against the wall, around five feet tall, the framed photograph was on this, at the back, part resting on the wall and partly standing on its own from the fold out leg that frames have. Now look to your right, pick a spot on the floor about

six feet away, that's where the framed photo landed. In total the object moved around twenty feet sideways and fell about five feet down. Nothing else in the room was disturbed and the frame and glass were unbroken. Both of my parents witnessed this event, including my sceptical Father who has not spoken of it. From the way the framed photo was resting and its position I cannot see a natural way it could have moved across the room without an intervening force. To clarify, it didn't float gently through the air, it moved as if being thrown with force.

Was this intended to bring attention to my Grandmothers declining condition and immediate needs?

vii

I've spoken of a number of experiences I didn't witness myself and have to rely on the information provided and garnered from my annoyingly forensic questioning. Let's take a look at some things which happened to me in later years

Following the 'Bedroom Cabinet Ghost' around fifteen years passed where no paranormal incidents occurred directly to me, to my knowledge anyway. As previously stated my work and personal life occupied enough of my time that I may not have even noticed something which may otherwise have been obvi-

ous. I recall a time when I lived alone in a flat within an old converted hotel, which is less glamorous than you just imagined, believe me. In the nights there were strange noises in the bedroom and many corner-of-the-eye experiences in the living room. I set about investigating, as was my way and using a video camera filming in night mode/ infra-red in the bedroom as I slept. Review revealed the cause of the audible disturbance. Mice! The building was full of them; apparently some work in a nearby building had disturbed a storm drain which had caused a great number of mice onto the mean streets. That would explain everything. Believe me. the paranormal is never my first assumption for goings

on, I possess an extremely logical mind and always analyse the facts and possibilities before settling on the probable cause.

So, aged around 30 I moved in with my girlfriend in a two bedroom semi-detached house. Nothing extravagant, but enough for us. Our only real knowledge of the property and the previous occupants was they were an elderly

couple who had passed away, a number of years apart and left the house unoccupied for around a year or so. Prior to moving in; the house was renovated and redecorated as it was guite outdated and in some cases unsafe. The work was undertaken by me, in the evenings after work, during weekends and by a number of tradesmen for the more challenging aspects. The house was unrecognisable, from the inside at least, every room had some level of upgrade or repair. When ready we moved in and started our journey as joint homeowners.

At first everything was quiet and very normal, and then some strange things began. There was always a strange feeling of being watched whilst in the bedroom and constantly catching sight of something, movement or... something out of the corner of your eye; only to see nothing when focussing directly on the area, which remains to this day. A few things moved around or vanished, mainly small personal items, nothing valuable but items you'd miss if they weren't there but items that would be difficult to lose in such a small house. I put α lot of this down to human error, forgetfulness or the simple fact there were two of us in the house and the other could have moved it. There were some other things though that became hard to explain as a natural occurrence. In the second bedroom, for around a week, books would move. Books which had been flat on a surface or on a



shelf were found in the middle of the room. Again, it could've been a not-so-level house, wonky furniture or the other house member. After discussing it we ruled out each other and kept an eye on it, sure enough books did continue to change positions from where they were left. OK, could be a number of things, let's stick a pin in it and move on. The few things that really

wards the bedroom. Sounds you grow accustomed to and become easily recognisable, but usually associated with another living person being in the house. This happened a number of times and does catch you unawares, especially as you expect the door to be flung open and someone to be there, however each time no one entered and if I went to investigate there were no

the windows were closed, the bedroom door was pushed closed but not fully latched and there was no other movement in the house, my partner was downstairs, motionless, reading. As I gently put items into the cupboard I felt the unmistakeable sensation of breathing on the back of my neck and head, I spun around but no one was there. Like the true warrior I am I sprinted downstairs and sat quietly for a minute whilst my girlfriend cast a wary eye on my expedited and silent arrival. I explained what I'd experienced and was met with scepticism and eye-rolling. However, my partner did have an experience of her own which she kept to herself for some time as she didn't want to worry me. In the bedroom, oh, there's that word again, we had a computer with a 19" monitor. The monitor has a gloss finish and when turned off so was in effect a black tinted mirror, it was that reflective and clear. When in use you could adjust your focus to either see the on screen display or a reflection of yourself, it took some skill to use. One day whilst alone in the house my partner was using the computer to read some online news, she was reading a page of text with very few images, just some small pictures scattered here and there when he eyes focussed on the reflection of the



made me think of a less natural reason were to follow, annoyingly however the best of them happened to my partner and not to me! I recall times I was in the house alone, in the bedroom, nothing dubious though, and would hear footsteps coming up the stairs and across the landing to-

signs of life. However, old house, sounds, another thing that could be explained away, however the list did keep growing.

Another time, around two or three years after moving in I was in the bedroom, notice a pattern here? I was putting some items into the cupboard, monitor and saw the shape of a person looking over her shoulder. She jumped and turned around but there was no one else in the room. I'm almost as infuriated as I am grateful that I've never had a 'spirit' manifest in front of my eyes, I really don't know if I could handle it.

Another movement incident occurred in the bathroom, and no, it wasn't that kind of movement! To the left side of the room, above the bath there was a plastic suction hook which houses some of those rough gloves you use to exfoliate. From time to time the suction gives way and both the gloves and the hook fall into the bath, I've picked them up and seen it happen several times. However, one day I entered the bathroom and found both the gloves and hook in the sink. This won't mean much to you not knowing the layout of the room but the sink is approximately 3.5 feet from where the gloves were secured and after doing α few tests, including sticking them back to the wall and pulling I was not able to duplicate the results. The height the hook was fastened and the lateral distance between this and the sink would not allow, according to the rules of physics for them to fall naturally into the sink. To this day I still suspect some elaborate situation where the hook lost suction, a gust of

mystery air caught the gloves and they bounced along things which aren't there to land in such an unexpected position. For all I know this was a fluke and something completely explainable but in the spirit of this teat I'll include it for information. Various other bits and bobs also either moved around or disappeared but without more concrete information I wouldn't want to commit any of them and skew things. The only one I will mention is the aromas. From time to time smells which should not be associated with the house came, and went. The most common was cigarette smoke, now I can guarantee in the time we lived there nobody ever smoked inside the house. Given the redecoration that took place initially there shouldn't be any remaining odours from previous times. Yet, sometimes we would be in the living room and would both smell smoke, the same kind of experience as when you walk past someone who is currently smoking; not like the lingering smell when someone has just finished a cigarette. The other aroma that used to materialise, and then quickly disappear was after-shave, and I certainly don't wear after shave. Again it was as if someone had walked by after recently applying the scent. Avoiding forensic detail: I

can't attribute these aromas to naturally occurring conditions.

Returning to my investigation background I once again employed a video camera to try to identify the unusual goings on at my home. I placed the camera on the computer desk in the bedroom and let it roll. FAIL! The first session picked up the continuous tick-tock of an alarm clock which I should've noticed and removed. Take 2 – I isolated the alarm clock and repeated the process. In this modern day of technological advancements I used digital editing software to review the footage, a far cry from the days of sitting, watching and listening in real time. I watched the video in fast forward searching for movement or anything out of place, nothing. I used a software Wave editor to isolate the audio and listened to the audio peaks to see what lay before me. There was the occasional car in the street, a few car doors and not much else, except occasional clicking. To my ears it sounded like the light switch was being operated but not being able to rule out neighbouring homes I discounted this. I filmed α few more times fruitlessly revealing no results. I indulged myself, despite knowing the drawbacks by purchasing a K2 Meter. Yeah one of those things used by

those fake ghost hunting

shows on TV which can be effected by mobile phones, radio waves and various other elements. My reason? It wasn't a great deal of money, if I isolated the known fouling factors it may be more accurate and most of all it kinda looks groovy and boys love a gadget!

So, I set about inspecting the house. I went from top to bottom scanning all areas of activity and other random

places. As expected, electr cal devices such as the cordless telephone and television provoke a reaction, at least I knew it worked. I hunted high and low for a result, taking special care and attention in the bedroom to see if there could be an electro-magnetic source I was unaware of which could, I understand, aid feelings of paranoia and heighten misconceptions of paranormal experiences. I filmed the empty room one more time with the K2 in view to observe any spikes, again nothing.

Jumping back to an earlier part, there I go breaking chronology again, this occurred at the same time my Mother had the incident with the picture flying across the room. As luck would have it they were going away for a few days so I discretely investigated their house. I checked for K2 readings from top to bottom and left the video camera filming for 24 hours at a time in their

bedroom, pointing towards the bed and including the previously 'thrown' picture in the shot. Nothing, well almost nothing. The closest I came was a visual abnormality which resembled a moving mist. However further investigation revealed this as condensation forming on the lens following a change in atmospheric temperatures between the cold camera from the car and the slightly warmer house. I also filmed an area downstairs where a neighbour's cat, who they used to feed, spent several hours staring at nothing. The cat also had a negative reaction to this area and would not return to the house afterwards. Also nothing. In all I spent five days filming, returned every day to copy footage, reset the camera and move certain objects, including 'that' picture and speaking aloud in an attempt to provoke a reaction.

In a way I was disappointed my investigations did not produced any results but also reassured. I can't imagine how I would explain a wealth of audio, video and K2 evidence to my parents who were unaware I had 'ghost hunted' their home whilst away. viii

The previous occupants of my home resided there for a lengthy time, somewhere around twenty years. A husband and wife who towards the end of their time developed ill health and limiting conditions. They sought the assistance of their neighbours to aid with certain tasks an elderly or infirm person would find challenging. From the larger tasks like mowing the lawn to smaller jobs like opening jars; the neighbours were called on to fill the divide caused by age and nature.

Some years previously the wife of the couple whose house I now owned was in hospital, due to ill health she was not able to remain at her own home for a period of time, not unlike my own Grandmother. One day the neighbours let themselves in with the spare key they possessed to see how the old gent was and what assistance he needed. They found him dead on the kitchen floor. As I understand it the wife was quite poorly and spent her remaining years between the home and hospital; but also passed away, naturally, some years later, I believe in a hospital. I spoke to the neighbours, asking about the previous occupants attempting to gain some background which may have aided my investigations. They informed me they were involved in the removal of the previous occupant's possessions and still had some personal effects somewhere. I made a jokey comment that I wouldn't mind reuniting

my possible entity and also to see if it would have any effect. They gave me a picture and some work documents, he was a self-employed gentleman and there were several old records of his business. I took the items, audibly announcing what they were as I entered my house and after reviewing what they were gathered them together and stored them in my attic. Upon reuniting the previous occupants' personal effects with the house everything stopped. For a while. Then little things would happen again, strange sounds and lot of corner of the eye occurrences, but nothing as overt as previously. I could assume that bringing his personal belongings away from the neighbours and back to our home that it must have appeased him in some way. ix

As mentioned; my Grandmother did sadly pass away, in hospital, following a lengthy decline in health. I loved that woman dearly and meaning no disrespect I secretly seized the opportunity and investigated her now empty house, where her husband potentially made his presence felt during that eerie summer so many years ago. I had a spare key, which I would use when visiting as her journey to the door was very difficult in later years. I had to be swift as other relatives also had keys and I was both ashamed at what I was doing and determined that after all this time I would use this opportunity to best effect. I did a K2 sweep of the entire building, I set a camera in place in the bedroom, pointing at the K2 and made verbal announcements of what I was doing.

Unfortunately nothing was revealed.

I confided in a friend what I had done and he pointed out that as my Grandmother and her husband were now reunited on the other side they had no real ties to that house and may have moved on.

X

You may notice a change in writing style or phrasing at this point. The previous text was written approximately five years ago following the suggestion of a friend that I should record my experiences before they became confused or forgotten about.

Now I find myself writing this next part specifically for this publication, continuing my journey into the paranormal. And there's much more to tell...

At this moment in time I find myself at the stigmatised age of 40 years young. In the last twelve months I've had more adventures, both positive and negative; than all of the previous years combined. Following a fallow few years where nothing paranormal pre-

sented I became a Paranormal Investigator with South Wales based Forsaken Paranormal and visited Paranormal Energy Norway to observe their methodology.

I began in the Spring of 2017 when I launched a YouTube channel named Disorder Films. I had held a long-term interest in film-making and the digital arts and burst forth with very little fanfare into the murky depths on You-Tube. Initially I had planned to make short profile films of individuals that undertook urban exploration (Urbex); the exploration of abandoned man-made structures and locations. Over time I became an urban explorer myself: although more for channel content than a great desire to explore. Whilst some locations were indeed spectacular I found that old empty factories never stirred my soul. Through urbex a previous passion for photography was reignited and the descriptor was committed to Instagram; I was a photographer, filmmaker, urbexer and paranormal investigator. It was certainly a conversation starter. Around Halloween 2017 I joined Forsaken Paranormal and my first investigation was the Drakelow Tunnels in Worcestershire, a former military complex that was made up of 3.5 miles of subterranean passages. As you can imagine there was some

apprehension; being locked underground with people I barely knew, with a chance of supernatural intervention. However I quickly learned of the more mundane side of paranormal investigation. not least of all the hours of evidence review and cataloguing. Subsequent investigations included The Ancient Ram Inn, Gloucestershire and a number of private homes. Using scientific methodology and various items of specialist equipment we aim to communicate or capture evidence of those no longer living. Forsaken Paranormal composes five full-time members of varying ages, experiences and beliefs. We visit locations that have been identified as potentially haunted and through various approaches to gather evidence. Each investigation is documented with video and posted to the YouTube channel. The team do not speculate on the occurrences but rather let the audience decide for themselves. The practices incorporated include direct verbal communication, filming both for document and evidence and electronic voice recording. The equipment used includes night vision video cameras, Ovilus, REM-POD, Spirit Box and various spirit radio devices. We hold individual vigils as well as team exercises. Evidence review is shared through the

team and the video episode is compiled and edited by several team members. In addition to being a free platform with a global reach; YouTube also allows the audience to leave comments which allow the team to discuss various aspects with them and also on occasion identify evidence we'd missed!

Sometimes, people who know about my previous experiences share some of their own with me, sometimes in the form of a photograph, sometimes in stories. My first instinct is always to look for the explainable and in many cases I can identify a

very natural cause or give it a 50/50 chance if I'm not able to delve into it further. In a way I feel privileged to have had these experiences, it's a world not everyone gets to see, or maybe doesn't recognise or acknowledge. It provides me with the notion of life after death, of different planes of existence and experiences that modern science cannot fully explain. It's reassuring that in these days of control and superior knowledge the unexplainable still exists.





